THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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CATHOLIC LADIES.

Elect the Officers of Their Benevolent Association, Transact Other Business and Adjourn to Meet at Asbury Park, N. J., Two Years Hence.

Notable Address Delivered by Their Supreme Spiritual Adviser, the Right-Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y.

The Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, at their recent session in this city, elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Supreme President, Mrs. E. B. McGowan, Buffalo, N. Y. (re-elected); 1st S. V. P., Mrs. Mary Flanagan, Syracuse, N. Y.; 2d S. V. P., Mrs. Minnie P. Graham, Chicago; Supreme Recorder, Mrs. J. A. Royer, Erie, Pa.; Supreme Treasurer, Mrs. Mary E. McGuirk, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Trustees, Miss Julia A. Ward, Chicago; Miss Kate Gaughran, Cleveland, O.; Miss Maria Gallagher, Port Jervis, N. Y.

The formal adjournment of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association's Convention was taken on Saturday at 6:30 p. m., after five days' work.

It was the intention of the delegates to complete their business on Friday night, but as it was found an impossibility another session was called.

Four cities were desirous of taking the responsibility as host in 1899, but Asbury Park, N. J., was selected. The others mentioned were Detroit, Cleveland, and Niagara Falls.

A rising vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Andrew J. Graham and the Chicago branches for efforts to entertain the visiting delegates.

The following address was delivered by Bishop McQuaid, Supreme Spiritual Adviser, of Rochester, N. Y.:

LADIES, DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION OF THE L. C. B. A.—You may judge of the interest I take in this organization by my presence among you today.

Your association is very young, but its growth in members, in financial administration and in completeness of organization is little short of the marvelous.

You began your undertaking with much to discourage your efforts. There were doubts in the minds of many who were your friends and well-wishers; there was justifiable uneasiness unless a large body, whose business was strictly speaking financial, dealing with the receipt and disbursements of money, might prove too heavy and intricate for the management of ladies not familiar with the working of a mutual insurance company, which is what your association is in reality.

The most sanguine among you never dreamed that in six or seven years your branches would number nearly 400, or that your financial rating among fraternal organizations would stand where it now does, among the highest in the country.

No one of the doubters but rejoices at your success, and prays that it may go on growing in magnitude and beneficence. With prudence and justice to guide you in dealing with your beneficiaries, there has been a minimum of friction and an absence of legal contentions. No one looks for a millenium of saints and a death of cranks. Even in a society of excellent ladies, cranks crop up like weeds in the best of soil, in spite of most careful culture. They are always sure they are right, while they are equally sure that all others are wrong.

It will occur to some that because the L. C. B. A. is a benevolent association it partakes of the chief characteristics of a charitable society. Now, while you are very charitable, you are not yourselves objects of charity. The ability of your organization to exercise benevolence, not charity, toward others, lies in the observence of rules proved by experience to be well adapted to further the end in view. This end is that by paying into the treasury of the association certain sums of money, the association will have money with which to pay over to the family of a dead member the amount agreed upon. So it is not the giving of something for nothing, but the giving of a specified sum while living for a specified sum of money to be given at death to those entitled to receive it. The obligations and rights of both parties are well defined. Nothing is left to the whims or wishes of the officers of the association, or to the desires of its members. It is in all cases a question of rule and law. The members, through their appointed delegates, establish the rule and the law within the constitution under which the association was founded. Where there is a law there is no room for caprice. It borders on folly to tamper with the law or make unnecessary changes. When experience demonstrates the need of a change, let it be effected only after long and due consideration. It is a weakness in the character of some people to crave the ambition of originating such changes. I have known societies to be broken up, or thrown into serious demoralization, where such ambitions prevail. The L. C. B. A. is free from the wiles of the politicians. Long may it remain so. What a temptation it would prove to a crafty politician to obtain control or influence over some 30,000 voters!

There is one question which all need to understand. It is the relation of spiritual adviser to the L. C. B. A. I am honored by the choice of the Supreme Council as supreme spiritual adviser. This office gives me no right to exercise spiritual functions outside of my own diocese. It would be very indelicate, indeed highly unbecoming, for me to appear in the sanctuary of Chicago's beautiful cathedral without the welcome of her illustrious archbishop. He is supreme spiritual adviser in his diocese as every other bishop is in his diocese. Parish priests are spiritual advisers in their parishes by virtue of their bishop's appointment, and not by the selection of any local branch. It would be absurd and against all rule for me to interfere in any bishop's jurisdiction. Parish difficulties must always be settled by the pastor, from whose action there is the right of appeal to the bishop of the diocese, but not to the supreme spiritual adviser, whose office is to advise the Supreme Council on questions touching Catholic faith and morals, but not to meddle where he has no authority.

The L. C. B. A. owes much to the kindness and good will of pastors wherever it has branches. Its members should appreciate this helping kindness and show their gratitude as occasion may offer. The sound judgment and experience of pastors may save them from blunders and losses, if confidence and trust be placed in the spiritual adviser whom the bishop has stationed over the parish.

Yet, I feel it a duty to insist that the L. C. B. A., while an association of Catholic ladies, earnest and devout in all religious duties, is not a church organization or a church sodality. These bodies have rights and privileges which the former have no reason to expect. Their primary purpose as members of the L. C. B. A. is to deal in money transactions, by which they hope to secure temporal advantage to their surviving relatives or friends. This wise forethought is a Christian virtue, and is most commendable. The association hopes to merit the blessing of the church's ministers on its work in the future, as it has received it in the past. Yet no matter how exalted the piety and faith of its individual members, the association as an association is not a church society, in the sense in which other parish bodies are so considered. No other obligations can be placed on its members, than those provided for in a constitution and by-laws. Everything else must be voluntary, and that the choice of its individual members. So social entertainments may be not only proper but commendable, when they are not for the raising of money by enforced taxation or assessment.

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What I have here said in no way finds fault with the pleasant meetings for social enjoyment common in the L. C. B. A. Where its members come together for the trancaction of their business affairs. These social gatherings at the close of a business meetings serve a useful purpose and are most praiseworthy. They do not entail expense on members whose means are limited, and who have enough to do to keep up their regular assessments.

One of the chief gains of these mutual insurance associations is the diminution of expense by the absence of heavily paid officials and a multiplicity of paid agents. Their aim is to keep down cost and give the benefits of savings to the insured. It is not enough for the supreme governing body to be economical; the same duty is incumbent upon all the branches. Members with limited pecuniary means ought to feel that contingent and extra expenses will not embarrass their small purses. It will often happen that the husband, pleased to have his wife enrolled in the mutual insurance association, provided no other call be made on him than the necessary assessments, will rebel against charges beyond his power to meet. It is this very class that most of all need the advantages of associations like the L. C. B. A. It is of rare occurrence that the wife has an independent purse.

A word of advice: You are sent here by the branches to which you belong. Your associates who sent you trust to your prudence, tact and wisdom to safeguard the organization. The light of the Holy Ghost has been invoked to guide your deliberations. It happens that people sometimes ask the Holy Spirit's guidance when they are resolved to follow their own way anyhow. This is folly. Set aside selfish and unworthy motives, and you may safely look for God's protection. Anyone who never doubts her own infallibility while every one else may be wrong, is an untrustworthy counsellor. And now a word of encouragement: Your work is a good one, deserving of God's blessing, which so far, it has received abundantly. It will continue to receive this blessing, unless the members of the L. C. B. A. demonstrate their unworthiness by permitting their own selfishness to stand in the way of God's merciful designs. The association has received the approval of many bishops and priests. It will need their approval in the future. The conduct of its members in the past gives hope that it will never be withheld. Our Catholic people are gradually learning the merits and advantage of the organization. Peaceable and harmonious it gives confidence to onlookers. Sound business methods in the working of the branches and councils win over the doubtful and inspire them to place their money where it will not be wasted. Money, you know, is always sensitive.

May God bless your convention, and grant for it good in all things, and when you return to your homes may you carry with you good tidings of a noble work well done, with God's blessing resting on it.

"THE SHAN VAN VOCHT."

The Shan Van Vocht should be read by all good Irishmen. It is a brilliant journal devoted to the teaching of true Irish Nationalism, Irish Literature and the Language of the Gael, and has eminent contributors. It is edited by two Irish patriot girls, Miss Alice Milligan and Miss Anna Johnston, in the stronghold of English ascendancy, Belfast. The yearly subscription is 60 cents; single copies 5 cents. Send subscriptions (in postage stamps) to American agent, M. J. O'Brien, No. 195 Broadway, New York city.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

The Annual Picnic of the Cook County Hibernians a Great Success.

The picnic was an undoubted success, numerically and socially. Financially the results equalled the event of '96, and we have no great reason for complaint. The charges against the weather clerk are referred to a higher court, and the chronic grumbler is invited to register his inevitable "kick" outside the hearing of the hard workers who made a success of the outing of '97. On all sides it is acknowledged that the cash-down system, with judicious advertising, is the best method for making such occasions a success. It is consoling to know that the following day all accounts were closed and results known. We may be able next year to improve in some details and benefit by the experience of July 25, but on the whole the management may flatter itself it did its work well.

The best thanks of the order is due to County President Henely, Vice County President Doherty, County Secretaries Conroy and Lamb, for their able efforts to make the picnic a success. Thanks are too mild a term in which to define the debt the order owes to Brothers M. E. Lynch, Reynolds and Fanning for their untiring zeal in making every one happy and comfortable. Splendid assistance was rendered by Brothers Jas. Flanagan, M. Blake, D. Collins, M. McMorrow, J. P. Dohney, James Gannon, John Sherlock, P. J. Sullivan, P. Henry, M. Mulcahy, P. Stanton, Frank Clingen and all the other members of the committee. Brother Roger Mulcahy was in charge of the detail of twenty policemen kindly permitted by Chief Kipley to accompany the picnic, and whose presence contributed so much to control the wayward. Not an accident or an incident occurred to mar the occasion, and we look forward to the year of '98 with pleasurable anticipations of another picnic. It was estimated that, including children, who were in force, there were 4,000 people present.

The next enterprise for the A. O. H. to plan and prepare is the establishment of an annual ball. There is no reason why Battery D cannot be filled from door to platform with the A. O. H. of of Cook county and their friends. The Cook county A. O. H. are now in a position second to no other fraternal organization in the Garden City, and the Order should claim all the benefits arising therefrom. A committee should be appointed at once to select and submit for approval a hall and date for county ball. This should be done at once in order to prevent any divisions obtaining permission for local balls on dates which may interfere with the more important event. That committee could wisely be selected from the body which managed the picnic and thereby guarantee the certainty of success. The date should be announced at the next meeting of the County Board and every opportunity taken to advertise the matter from then to the night of the ball.

The reunion of Div. 33 was fairly successful, in spite of the stormy weather. The division president, Wm. A. Cunnea, called Brother P. J. Reynolds, of Div. 26, to the chair, and after a neat speech of welcome from that gentleman an interestidg programme was submitted. The singing of Brother Clifford, the recitations of Brother Lonergan and the address of Brother Dyer were numbers which attracted most attention and were deservedly applauded. Brother Dohney, president of Div. 37, delivered a very interesting address, and was followed by Brother P. Ryan in a well rendered recitation. Div. 33 is increasing very rapidly and promises to outstrip any other division in Hyde Park, thanks to the energy and unselfish devotion for which its officers are noted.

The Hibernians of Lake county, Indiana, intend to hold a picnic in Casino Park on Sunday, Aug. 1. The brothers of that neck of the woods may be considered as members of our county and state, as their assistance and sympathy have been ever at the demand of Cook county. It is hoped the divisions on the South Side will visit Casino Park in force on Sunday, and strengthen the bonds of fraternity between the sister states.

MOR.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL }

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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"PRIESTS IN POLITICS."

Able and Interesting Discourse on a Vexed Irish Question by the Right Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, Before the Students of Maynooth Ecclesiastical College.

He Thinks Priestly Interference is Sometimes Justified by Circumstances, More so Formerly than Now; that Young Priests Should Abstain from Politics and that Fears and Superstitions of the People Should not be Appealed to.

At the annual meeting of the Maynooth Union, which was held on Thursday week, at Maynooth College, under the presidency of his Eminence Cardinal Logue, an important address on "The Irish Priest in Politics" was delivered by the Right Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert. We excerpt from his able discourse the following:

When a man becomes a priest he does not cease to be a citizen; he must pay his share in the public taxes; he must be amenable to the laws of the State. In Ireland the priest enjoyed no stipend or civil privileges whatsoever. If, then, he had to bear the burdens he certainly should enjoy all the rights of a citizen. To curtail them in any way or to impose upon the priest any civil disabilities was clearly a violation of the civil and religious liberty. It would be simply persecution for conscience sake, differing only in degree from the laws of the Eighteenth century. Therefore, when he said that it was no part of the duty of a priest to intervene in politics, he meant that it was no part of his duty as a priest to take a prominent part in questions purely and primarily political, and no one could lawfully compel him to do so. He thought it his duty to prove the proposition clearly. Now, first of all, let them observe the public life of our Savior and His Apostles so far as it was disclosed to them in the New Testament. The years of our Lord's public life were times of great political excitement, as they knew from Josephus and the Roman historians. In many respects the position of Palestine was strikingly like their own. There was a foreign domination, crushing and resistless. There were national aspirations more intense and enduring even than their own. There were as many political parties in the country. There was chronic insurrection, confiscation, imprisonment—no single element of resemblance was wanting, and yet there was no reference to all that in the New Testament, and, as far as they could judge, our Savior as well as His Apostles and disciples, kept entirely aloof from political questions of the time.

Once only a dangerous question was put to our Savior in order to compromise Him with one side or the other. The Divine wisdom baffled them by a direct and simple answer that had so little of local politics in it that it held good for all time: 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's.' If the life of our Savior was to be a model for a good priest no one could blame the priest for declining to take part in the struggle, no matter how the patriots may declaim against him. In the treatises setting forth the obligations of a priest—which they knew well—they would search the pages in vain for any reference to the duty of a priest taking any part in the political movements of his time. Not only was there no reference to the duty of a priest taking a prominent part in political questions, but there was what happened to be a very clear counsel, if not a precept, of abstaining from such discussion. A priest was an officer on active service in the army of Christ. He thought, therefore, speaking of the priest in general, it must be admitted that it was no part of his duty to mix himself up with politics, and that he ought, as a rule keep aloof from them as much as possible. Those were, however, general principles applicable to priests at all times, and in all countries, and like other general principles they are liable to be greatly modified in their application by special circumstances. The question then at once arose—were there special circumstances in Ireland which should modify those principles, and which justified the interference of the clergy of this country in politics, which ought not to be tolerated in other countries? It was quite obvious that the proposition should be answered in the affirmative, although in his opinion the special reasons were by no means so urgent now as they were heretofore.

When the Catholics got the franchise the influence of the clergy at once began to make itself felt in Ireland. O'Connell organized that influence, and mainly by its leverage he succeeded in winning the civil and religious liberties of Irish Catholics. But it was obvious that the questions of Emancipation, Tithes, Disestablishment of the Church, National Education and the proselytising of schools were mixed questions, in some of which the mixed question was the predominant one. The priest had, as a priest, a perfect right to take a prominent part in a discussion and settlement of all these questions when the interests of the church and the salvation of souls were at stake. In fighting for such things as emancipation and Catholic education he was militans Deo, acting within the sphere of his duty, and fighting the battles of Christ. His language might sometimes be violent, and his zeal might outrun discretion; but in the main he was right; his cause was just and his work was high. And for the same reason now the priest and the bishop had a right of intervening prominently in the political discussion of those mixed questions, and that right no fair-minded man could question. Secondly, in Ireland, owing to its unhappy history the gentry, that was to say the men of landed property, of education, of wealth, and social position, who in other countries were the only leaders of the people, were in Ireland their enemies—hostile in religion, hostile in race, hostile in their sympathies and interests. So the Catholic people in their legitimate efforts to secure their rights would be entirely without leaders in the rural districts if the priest did not become the guide and shepherd of his people in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. This was undoubtedly the fact, and of itself it went far to justify the activity of many of the clergy, even in the purely political struggles of the past, and this became a still weightier and more urgent consideration when they reflected on the history of the last 400 years. Soldiers going through the same prolonged campaigns, sleeping in the same tents at night, making toilsome marches together for many a weary day, fighting shoulder to shoulder against the common foe on a hundred battlefields, helped each other, loved each other, and were ready to fight and die for each other.

There was no comradeship so deep, so close, so enduring, as was the comradeship that existed through all the dreadful past between the Irish priests and the Irish people. Together they fought, they suffered and they died. When the dread, unhappy night was passed, and better days began to dawn upon them, could they be indifferent to each other's lot? It was not in human nature. The 'oggarth aroon' could not be expected to stand by indifferent when his people were still engaged in unequal conflict with the historic foe. Theoretically politics might be no part of his business, but few men would blame him greatly if he threw in his lot with the oppressed against the oppressor, with the weak against the strong, with the poor against the rich, with the men of his own kith and kin against the aliens who spurned his race, his country and his religion. They should, however, bear in mind that although there was among laymen in the past, a want of competent leaders, this want would scarcely be admitted by the prominent politicians of the present time. They thought themselves quite ecmpetent to lead them to victory.

Some of them would wish to exclude the clergy altogether from politics lest they themselves should ever be called to order for their doings. So long as the priest was ready to collect money for their needs and was subservient to their views they would tolerate him, and if they thought him greedy of praise they would eulogise him, but if he ventured to question the propriety of their doings they would at once tell him to give up politics and to mind his parish. This school of politicians had come to the front of late years, and although they were not gaining ground their existence could not be ignored, nor were they confined to any one party. These reasons, which he had thus briefly indicated, were inoperative in the past, and although no longer so cogent, still to some extent they did exist, and in his opinion did justify the Irish country priest in taking a part in Irish politics which could not and ought not be tolerated elsewhere. But such intervention in these times should be judicious and well regulated, otherwise it would certainly be very mischievous to the highest interests of their Catholic people, and most of all to the priests themselves. The following practical rules would, he thought, be generally admitted as just and reasonable, and if observed they would be efficacious in preventing evils that sometimes did result from the unwise intervention of the priest in politics. Now, the first rule—and he commended it to the special attention of some of his young friends listening to him—the first rule which he would lay down was this, that young priests for several years after their ordination should not be encouraged or allowed to take an active part in politics. The reason was perfectly clear. They had at first neither the experience, the prudence nor the knowledge of the world necessary to make them safe and trustworthy guides for others in political questions. Of course many of them thought they had, and that the old fogies were altogether behind the age; and this was particularly true in the case of those young men who had not even knowledge enough to doubt the wisdom of their own proceedings. He might say, by way of parenthesis, that he never met any persons so cocksure of their own opinions as some young priests, except, perhaps, some young professors.

Where would the young priests get their political knowledge? Not, surely, while they were schoolboys scrambling through the Latin grammar; nor in the seminary, where they found it hard enough to master the intermediate education course; nor in that college, for although they had many chairs in Maynooth he had yet to learn that they had a chair in politics; so that the young priest had, in fact, no means of acquiring political knowledge until he had some experience of the world, except that he got it in the way that a very venerable colleague of his last evening suggested that he ought to get some himself. They were discussing a certain political point, and his venerable colleague said: 'I will tell you what you ought to do. You ought to go and ask your mother her opinion, if she is alive, because her opinion on that point would, I think, be far sounder than your own.' He did not know where these young gentlemen would get their information on the political questions of the day except they got it from their mothers. The young priest, was no doubt, the official teacher of the people in matters of faith and morals. But that subject he was supposed to have mastered. He preached under the supervision of his parish priest and bishop. As a moral teacher he was sound enough, and could not well go astray. But as a political teacher he was sometimes a child and worse than a child, for no one minded what a child said, but as a priest he was liable to be fully and severely and sometimes justly criticized.

It was foolish for young priests to take a header into politics, and speak by his authority on matters of which he knew little or nothing. Then, again, every priest ought to be a man of order and self-restraint, if not of self-denial. But how could he be all this if he launched his barque upon the stormy sea of politics, where there were so many dangers? He knew from experience what had frequently happened in such cases. The ardent politician would compose political harangues instead of sermons. His time would be given more to the reading of newspapers, perhaps, than to the Scriptures. His hours became late and irregular. He was often absent from home when wanted. The excitement and the dust of the political arena made him somewhat thirsty, and his associates were by no means always safe and edifying companions. He did not care to enlarge upon this subject, but he would say that he had known several young priests who greatly fell away from their high estate because in times of excitement they had devoted themselves too much and too earnestly to politics.

The dear young friends he saw aroun him were the hope, the rising hope the Irish church. They were its and crown, and it was therefore th implored them to take no promi part in politics before they had s seven or eight years on the mis... The second rule was, that no matter what might be the age, the experience or authority of a priest who intervened in politics, he must never forget that he was a priest, and his language, his conduct and his demeanor must never be unworthy of the dignity and sanctity of the priestly character. He could not put off his priesthood as he would put off a suit of clothes. He could not be one man in the pulpit and another on the platform. He was always and everywhere the ambassador of Christ. He could not put off his representative character. He should, therefore, never speak nor write language which even a layman who wished to be regarded as a layman would never think of doing. Whatever others might do, there was a special obligation on the priest of observing moderation in his conduct and his language. And there should be moderation in his politics as well as in everything else. And they should always be prepared to allow the same reasonable freedom of thought and action to others which they claimed for themselves.

The third rule, too, could not, he thought, be questioned. It was this, that no priest should allow his pursuit of politics at any time to cause him to neglect any of his ecclesiastical duties. Politics was an engrossing pursuit, and sometimes greatly disturbed the mind. It was all very well to win applause on public platforms, to fight the battles of the people, to be called an eloquent and patriotic priest in the newspapers; but as he laid down in the beginning, politics was no part of his duty as a priest and could never be alleged as an excuse before God or man for neglecting any part of his ecclesiastical duties. These duties in this country were manifold and laborious, and if they were faithfully performed they left very little time for other occupations, and, moreover, they demanded the near presence and vigilance of the priest. The place for him was the church, the sick room and the school. There lay the sphere of his duties. And it could not be denied that meetings outside his own pariah, conferences with political leaders, letters to the newspapers, and so forth, were very likely to interfere to some extent with the proper discharge of his duties. The priest, therefore, must be always on his guard, lest his schools, his sick calls, or any of his duties might suffer thereby. It was not easy to combine this constant vigilance, this manifold labor, and the various duties of his ministry with the distracting care of an active political career.

A special word of caution was necessary with reference to parliamentary elections. The law of the land was extremely jealous of the interference of the clergy in parliamentary elections, and all the more so since the freedom of the voters from other influences had to a great extent, been secured by the protection of the Ballot act. So long as the Catholic freeholders were the slaves of their landlords and notoriously coerced to vote in many cases against their conscience, the influence of the priest was a just and necessary counterpoise. But this excuse no longer existed. The law took the most elaborate precautions to secure the freedom of the voter and to protect him against spiritual as well as temporal influence of every kind. The celebrated judgment of Justice Fitzgerald was neither altogether logical nor consistent in itself. But it asserted a sound rule—that, as a

[CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.]

BOYCOTT ON COAL

Threat of the Strike Leaders That Means Business.

WEST VIRGINIA MUST SUSPEND,

Or a Ban Will Be Put on Her Product of Black Diamonds—No General Strike Yet, but Promises for the Near Future—Wheeling Gathering the Center of Interest Now—Report on the Situation at Pittsburg—True Uniformity.

Fairmont, W. Va., July 27.—The strike in this district which Ratchford predicted would be general yesterday has proven a flat failure. After days of vigorous effort by Debs, Mahon, Coslett, Miller and Ratchford, culminating Sunday with mass-meetings in many places, the miners at Fairmont remain unshaken. All agree that yesterday was the critical day. It was agreed that if there was no strike Monday efforts would cease and an appeal be made to the railroad men to stop hauling coal. A canvass of the situation shows the New England, Gaston, Montana and West Fairmont and Briar Hill Watson miners, with 1,000 men, are all working. Monongah has fifty more than Saturday, a total of 160. The Pritchard mine resumed with twenty of their old men. The Pinnikinnick mines at Clarksburg are working. The only break came when thirty, one-half of the Hutchinson mine force, quit, followed by Luther and Opekisha, a total of 80 men, who, with Aurora, 40; Palatin, 40, and Kings, 35, are all out here. Sheriff Cunningham had deputies at all the mines ready for trouble.

Debs Charges Intimidation.

Before leaving Fairmont Debs said: "I have done all I could to make the Fairmont miners appreciate the situation. The poor fellows do appreciate it in a great measure, but are intimidated by the operators. They have been locked in the mines, discharged for attending meetings, and threatened like slaves. They know it and feel powerless to prevent it. All depends on the Wheeling conference. The operators win now, but they are sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. When the worm turns he becomes a maniac and maniacs destroy opposition." Senator Camden said yesterday: "During the past ten days the agitators have been given full swing. They have used every effort to get out men and failed. During that time we have been put to an endless expense and worry. The efforts of the agitators have proven futile. Our men want to work and we propose to do some fighting now and protect our men from intimidation of agitators."

Claims Made by the Leaders.

Wheeling, W. Va., July 27.—The labor leaders gathering for today's conference claim that 4,000 out of the 6,000 miners in the Fairmont and Monongah railroad district are idle; that 5,000 of the 10,000 men in the fields along the Norfolk and Western road in the southern end of the state have quit, and unconfirmed advices state that a large portion of the 7,000 men in the great Kanawha region are idle. Debs, Mahon, Rea and the other leaders feel greatly encouraged.

Miners Hold a Secret Meeting.

Cincinnati, July 27.—A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Clarksburg, W. Va., says: The miners held a meeting at the station here and organized a union of United Mine Workers of America. Over 200 men attended and signed the agreement. Guards were put out and newspaper men were not allowed to attend. The meeting was secret, but from what could be learned it was agreed that all men should be governed by the action of the meeting of representatives at Wheeling today. All the men are organized and ready to go out and if at Wheeling today the word is given they will go.

Boycott the Dernier Resort.

T. M. Jackson, president of the Pinnickinnick mines, said yesterday his men received from $20 to $28 per week and that no trouble was feared. Mahon and Rea will be here tomorrow, and from present indications all the men will be out by that time. If they do not come out a boycott will be declared and any company using West Virginia coal anywhere in the United States will be boycotted by all labor organizations. Mahon says they have the help of all except Chief Arthur and that he will be brought to time. The meeting at Wheeling will settle the matter and if West Virginia does not go out the miners predict that coal from this state will not be worth 10 cents a ton, as no union men will work where it is used.

MEETING OF THE COAL OPERATORS.

Pittsburg District Waits Thereon—Meaning of the Uniformity Plan.

Pittsburg, July 27.—The mining situation in this district is quiet and unchanged. Both sides are waiting for the result of the meeting today of the operators. The arbitrators are highly elated at the prospects. All agree in saying that it will be the largest meeting of operators ever held in this district. All of the western men are here and the eastern people will be. While a large number are not in favor of the old uniformity plan, all are anxious to hear what new phase the peace commissioners have given the subject. Some are decidedly opposed to uniformity, but all are in favor of arbitration for settlement of the strike.

Senator Hanna was in the city yesterday. In speaking of the efforts to settle the strike by arbitration, he said: "I am in favor of any plan that will better the condition of the men; that is the main point of the situation. Their condition needs betterment everybody knows, and I will give my hearty support and co-operation to any movement looking toward that end. Present methods are in many respects inadequate; uniformity is lacking, and that is something I have always advocated." Colonel W. P. Rend, the Chicago operator, has arrived in the city. While he favors arbitration he says the true uniformity movement is a humbug. If the meeting today is not for the purpose of settling the strike by arbitration he will not attend, as he will not lend his support to a plan to bring about a settlement when uniformity is established.

And just here, while we have the opinions on uniformity of Hanna and Rend, perhaps it would be well to explain De Armitt's true uniformity. What he demands is the absolute and honest abolition of the company store and tenement, similar weights and similar screens. The company store needs no description. It is called the "pluckme" by all miners, whether justly or no; the company tenement is a very crude structure and rents for from $5 to $6 a month, and, it is claimed, pays the company a tremendous profit on the investment. Pennsylvania has abolished the stores, but they continue to exist under the control, so it is claimed, of the company by the operation of an, apparently, outside syndicate. "True" uniformity would abolish both of these things absolutely and really.

Similar weights means that if the company sells 2,000 pounds of coal for a ton it shall pay the miner at the same rate instead of paying him for 2,200 pounds for a ton and selling only 2,000 pounds. Similar screens means that all the coal shall run over the same sized screen. Some use a ⅞-inch screen and some a 1½ inch—the latter, of course, profitting by the larger size of the screen. De Armitt wants all the screens of the same size. The coal is screenede before it is weighed for the miner, although the company sells everything that passes through the screen. A claim that is made regarding the company tenement is that the company builds twice as many as it needs for the necessary number of men in its mine, and thereby keeps every man in debt to the company because it only gives each man half as much work as he would otherwise obtain.

Strikers Seize Another Train.

St. Louis, July 27.—One hundred of the marching strikers who are operating under the leadership of "General" Bradley, tried to seize an Illinois Central freight train at Belleville, Ills., last night, and declared their intention of riding to the Lenzburg and Marissa mines, where they wished to inaugurate a strike. The crew refused to carry the strikers and halted the train at the station. Master of Transportation Gaven, at Pinckneyville, was communicated with. He sent a telegraphic demand to Sheriff Rhein, of Belleville, for the protection of the train. The sheriff accompanied by his deputies and the Belleville police force went to the scene. He read Gaven's message to the strikers and they at once abandoned the train. There was no disturbance.

Feeding His Striking Miners.

Spring Valley, Ills., July 27.—At Marquette, three miles from this city, C. J. Devlin has ordered the superintendent of his mines to give out the following to the miners every two weeks; 50 pounds of flour, 1 pound of coffee, half a pound of tea, 10 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of corn beef and 10 pounds of salt pork. Devlin said to a reporter that he did not want the miners of his mine to go around the country among the farmers to beg and steal, and ordered his superintendent to give them the above articles to the end of the strike. Devlin also says that he is in sympathy with the miners and would be glad to see them win.

TROUBLE WITH THE TARIFF BILL.

Mistakes That Will Be Very Bothersome to Importers and Government.

Washington, July 27.—The treasury officials already have discovered a number of inconsistencies in the new tariff act, some of them it is feared being incapable of reconciliation. It is pointed out that section 263 places the duty on plums at 25 cents per bushel, and section 264 fixes the rate at 2 cents per pound. An error in these paragraphs as to currants was corrected in conference.

Another section fixes the rate of duty cattle hides at 15 per cent. ad valorem and admits raw skins free. The question involved is the classification of calf skins, it being contended that commercially calf skins are not classed as hides of cattle, and hence are entitled to free entry, which is liable to be contrary to the purpose of congress. Attention is also called to the fact that the provision as to licenses for customs brokers was, by inadvertence it is believed, left out of the act.

Circulars are in preparation construing a number of the sections of the act. Persons entering this country are permitted under certain restrictions to bring with them duty free "usual and reasonable furniture." This is interpreted to mean much furniture as would be reasonable and useful for the personal use of persons in their condition in life.

Scores on the Ball Field.

Chicago, July 27.—League base ball scores yesterday were: at Cleveland—New York 6, Cleveland 5; at St. Louis—Boston 2, St. Louis 3; at Pittsburg—Philadelphia 10, Pittsburg 6; at Louisville—Brooklyn 1, Louisville 4; at Chicago—Weather.

Western League: At Minneapolis—Grand Rapids 3, Minneapolis 4; at Kansas City—Detroit 9, Kansas City 15; at Milwaukee—Columbus 4, Milwaukee 0; at St. Paul—Indianapolis 4, St. Paul 3.

Western Association: At Dubuque—Quincy 2, Dubuque 10; at Cedar Rapids—Burlington 6, Cedar Rapids 12; at Rockford—Des Moines 4, Rockford 4—six innings to allow Des Moines to catch a train.

"If Christ Came to" Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, July 27.—Trinity Evangelical church is up in arms against its pastor, Rev. George Hirz, who recently married a colored man and a young white woman within the church. The wedding took place a few days ago and was quite a swell affair. A riot, however, was hardly averted at the time, but now the young lady members of the congregation say they will never consent to get married in a church that has been thus defiled, while the men threaten to leave in a body.

Railway To Be Extended.

Houghton, Mich., July 27.—There is every prospect that the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic railway will be immediately extended to Calumet, the largest town of the copper district, at once. The narrow gauge tracks of the Mineral Range railroad, the property which Ives first wrecked, and now owned by the D., S. S. and H., will be widened, and passenger and freight trains run through to Calumet.

Gives Work to 1,000 Men.

Louisville, July 27.—The Avery plow factory resumed operations yesterday after a three years' shut down, giving employment to 1,000 men. One thousand additional workmen will be given employment gradually in the future.

Uhl Calls at the White House.

Washington, July 27.—Uhl, late ambassador to Germany, called at the White House and state department yesterday to pay his respects to the president and the officials.

JAP MAKES REPLY

Hawaiian Annexation Promises To Be Interesting.

MIKADO CONTINUES TO PROTEST.

Says That the Domination of the United States in the Islands Is an Excellent Reason for Letting Things Stay as They Are and Quotes Our Position When the Situation Was "Another Story"—Real Hawaiians Protest.

Washington, July 27.—There was a great crowd at the White House yesterday—larger than has been seen since the early days of the administration. It was the "charge of the forlorn brigade," as one of the officials put it; the last attempt of the office- seekers to get a word with the president before he leaves Washington for weeks. The most interesting figure, however, was Queen Liliuokalani, accompanied by Julius Palmer and Jos. Heleluli. She came to leave some papers for the president. These papers were memorials from the three great patriotic societies of Hawaii, and while they were not made public it is understood that the memorialists represented themselves as being opposed to any policy that touched the queen's sovereignty. Later in the day Liliuokalani herself had a short interview with the president, but what was said has not transpired.

Japan's Reply to Secretary Sherman.

Another matter that has awakened interest in the proposed annexation of the Hawaiian islands is the reply of the Japanese government to Secretary Sherman's last note in reply to the Japanese protest against annexation. This document shows that the Jap is no "slouch" when it comes to a diplomatic controversy and that Japan is well acquainted with American diplomatic history. The Japanese reply shorn of preliminaries, is as follows: "The imperial government has no hesitation in admitting the predominant influence of the United States in the Hawaiian islands. In their opinion, however, the very fact that such predominance has existed so long unquestioned might be urged as a reason against the disturbance of the status quo, more especially as practically the whole population of Hawaii acknowledge the paramount importance of the relations of their country with the United States, while it is understood that only a small fraction of their number favor annexation.

Our Predominance Guaranteed.

"From this it may be reasonably inferred that 'the predominant and paramount influence of the United States,' which, as you remark, 'has been the one essential feature of the status quo through three-quarters of a century, in which the constitution and government of Hawaii and the commerce of the islands with the world have undergone notable changes,' furnishes on the one hand the amplest guarantee against anything inimical to either the United States or to Hawaii, while on the other hand it obviates the necessity of a change in existing conditions which will injuriously affect the interests of others." The note then says that by apparent mutual consent the western powers had ceased grabbing islands in the Pacific, but that if the United States should take Hawaii it would be the signal for a revival of territorial expansion all along the line.

QUOTES ONE OF OUR PREMIERS,

In a Case Where Uncle Sam Had Become Possessed of Rights.

The note then proceeds: "It can easily be seen how this would affect the interests of Japanese subjects who are now engaged in increasing numbers in various undertakings and enterprises in the Pacific, with profit to themselves and advantage to Japan. It was especially on account of the prevalence of this spirit of colonial absorption that one of your honorable predecessors was led to declare to the German government that your government attached great importance to the 'maintenance of rights to which the United States has become entitled in the few remaining regions now under independent and autonomous native governments in the Pacific ocean.'

"The justice of that declaration cannot be questioned and the imperial government, entertaining similar views, could not behold with indifference changes in the status of those governments that would extinguish Japanese rights. They have no intention of questioning the actual existing situation in the Pacific, and certainly no desire to in any wise disturb it, but their position in that part of the world renders it impossible for them to view with unconcern and in a spirit of acquiescence the consequences which would probably follow the extinction of Hawaiian sovereignty.

"The imperial government recognizes it as a well-established principle of international law that the completion of annexation would render the treaties and conventions at present existing between Japan and Hawaii voidable, either at the option of Japan or the United States, but they cannot anticipate without apprehension the consequences, whether direct or indirect, which would follow the practical consummation of the theory that annexation, ipso facto, means the immediate termination of those treaties and conventions and the consequent cessation for the future of the privileges granted thereunder.

QUESTION OF INTERPRETATION.

Raised as to "Vested Rights"—Japan's Quarrel with Hawaii.

Referring to the quotation from "one of your honorable predecessors" the Japanese note proceeds: "Without pausing to consider the analogy in many particulars between the principle thus announced by the United States in 1856 and that now maintained by Japan, I have the honor to state that if the United States government attach to the expression 'vested rights' the same significance given in Mr. Bayard's note to the term 'well-established rights' the imperial government would have little to complain of under this head. But the absolute extinction of Japan's treaties and convocations without even the formality of previous notice creates a very different situation, not alone by removing conventional privileges and exemptions, but also by substituting therefor new and burdensome changes.

"In that case, the application of United States custom laws to Hawaii would check the further development of Japanese trade, the extension of United States naturalization and immigration laws would be detrimental to the future residential and industrial rights of Japanese subjects and the enforcement of United States navigation laws, making the carrying trade between this country and Hawaii a part of the coasting trade, would probably prove fatal to the interests of Japanese steamship lines crossing the Pacific to the United States.

"With reference to the third point set forth in my note of the 19th ultimo, I have the honor to observe that the imperial government has large unliquidated claims against Hawaii for what it deems to be clear and deliberate violations of the treaty. Regarding the inherent justice of these claims the imperial government entertains no doubt whatever, and bearing in mind the clear provisions of international law it cannot admit that any alteration in the Hawaiian status would in the least tend to relieve Hawaii of liability.

"It might easily happen, however, that the change in the place of negotiations consequent upon the consummation of the proposed project of annexation would tend to delay an adjustment that ought not to be postponed. I should signally fail in the duty which has been intrusted to me if I did not add that this full and frank explanation of the views of the imperial government is due not alone to their wish to protect the interests confided to their care, but also to their sincere desire to remove all possible cause for misunderstanding between the government of the United States and themselves.

"I should also add that I have received with great pleasure your courteous acknowledgment of the disclaimer I had the honor to make on behalf of my government in regard to the false report that Japan has designs against Hawaii. I regret to say, however, that similar reports are constantly appearing, even in the reputable section of the American press, and, coupled with baseless or distorted accounts of occurrences in Japan and Hawaii, are now, I am credibly informed, being urged in responsible quarters as a pretext for immediate actions upon the treaty of annexation.

"Therefore, I have the honor to repeat that Japan has absolutely no designs of any kind whatever inimical to Hawaii, and no motive in her dealings with that country except to secure by legitimate means the due observance of just obligations."

SAID HIS TRIAL WAS A FARCE,

And That He Was Sent to the Pen Because He Was an A. P. A.

Topeka, Kan., July 27.—A. D. Hubbard, who was convicted of embezzling $8,000 as receiver of the Hamilton Printing company, was yesterday sentenced to three years in the penitentiary by Judge Hazen. When sentence was pronounced, Hubbard made a sensational speech. He said the trial was a farce and his conviction was a travesty upon justice. He was finally convinced, he said, that he was convicted because of his connection with the A. P. A., and if so, was proud of it.

Spain Very Anxious to Please Us.

Washington, July 27.—The state department has been informed that a very gracious exception has been made by the queen regent of Spain in consenting to receive Taylor, the retiring United States minister, and Woodford, the new minister, at San Sebastian, where she does not maintain a court in the usual sense of the term. This arrangement to meet Taylor's convenience was brought about through the courteous and considerate offices of the Duke of Tetuan. It is without precedent.

Monetary Convention Will Act.

Indianapolis, July 27.—Hugh H. Hanna yesterday announced that he will call together within the week either at Chicago or Saratoga the executive committee appointed by the monetary convention which met here last January. The convention authorised its executive committee to try to prevail upon congress to request the president to appoint a commission to frame a currency bill, failing in which the committee was instructed to select one itself.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

The bones of an immense mammoth have been found near Richland Center, Wis.

The third annual convention of the International Bill Posters' convention is in session at St. Louis.

The annual meeting of the American Bar association will be held at Cleveland, O., Aug. 24, 26 and 27.

William Larson, the proprietor of the West Green Bay, Wis., cannery, has 1,000 people engaged in picking peas.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, July 26.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 73c, closed 77¼c; September, opened 72½c, closed 73c; December, opened 74¼c, closed 74½c. Corn—September, opened 27⅝c, closed 27c; December, opened 28⅝c, closed 28½c; May, opened 31c, closed 30½c. Oats—September, opened 17⅞c, closed 17⅝c; December, opened 18c, closed 17⅞c; May, opened 20½c, closed 20⅜c. Pork—September, opened $7.77½c, closed 7.75. Lard—September, opened $4.22½, closed $4.25; October, opened $4.27½, closed $4.30.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 6@7c per lb; chickens, 7½@8c; spring, 9@10c; ducks, 6@6½c. New potatoes, $1.75@1.85 per bbl. Blackberries—Early harvest 45@50c per 16-qt. case. Raspberries—Red., 75@85c per 24-pt. case; black, 50@60c per 16-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, July 26.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, $30,000; sales ranged at $2.50@3.85 for pigs, $3.60@3.85 for light, $3.30@3.50 for rough packing, $3.50@3.80 for mixed and $3.50@3.70 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,500; quotations ranged at $4.95@5.25 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.90 god to choice do., $4.20@4.65 fair to good, $3.85@4.40 common to medium do., $3.60@4.15 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.90 stockers, $3.70@4.25 feeders, $1.90@3.90 cows, $2.60@4.30 heifers, $2.25@3.90 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.75@4.20 Texas steers and $3.25@5.90 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; quotations ranged at $2.75@4.00 westerns, $2.70@3.50 Texans, $2.75@4.00 natives, and $3.25@5.60 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, July 26.

Wheat—Higher; No. 1 northern, 81c; No. 2 spring, 78½c; December 72¾c. Corn—Firmer; No. 3, 26c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 21@21½c. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 39c.

THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

It Became Operative After Midnight Friday.

OPINION OF SECRETARY GAGE.

Amount of Duties Involved Will Be Between $100,000 and $200,000—Senators and Representatives Besieging President McKinley for a "Last Word"—Prior to His Departure from the Capital—Powderly's Nomination Not Confirmed.

Washington, July 26.—The secretary of the treasury holds that the new tariff act was in effect at the beginning of the day on which it received the approval of the president, and therefore became operative after midnight of Friday, July 23. Assistant Secretary Howell sent the following telegram to collectors of customs:

"Department holds that new tariff law covers and includes all customs business of July 24." Later in the day a formal circular of instructions covering more fully the department's views on the subject was printed and mailed to all customs collectors. The opinion of the attorney general has not been requested on the matter, the department holding that the question of sufficient importance to justify them in taking it to the courts for final determination, independent of what the views of the law officers of the government might be as to the merits of the case.

Senator Allison's Opinion.

Senator Allison was at the treasury department Monday and in the course of a conversation on the subject said that in his opinion there was no reasonable doubt that the act covered all of the day on which it became a law. This also is the view of all the prominent officials of the treasury department, including the collectors of customs at New York and several of the leading ports of the countr. Sufficient data upon which to base a close estimate of the amount of duties involved has not been received, but it is stated roughly that it probably will be between $100,000 and $200,000. The internal revenue department probably will save even a greater amount by the new ruling than the customs branch of the service. During the five days from Tuesday, July 20 to and including Saturday, July 24, the internal revenue stamp agencies sold approximately $5,181,800 in beer stamps alone, and of this amount it is estimated that not more than one-third or $1,727,266 reached their destination before the act went into effect.

The saving to the government on those sales of beer stamps alone is expected to aggregate not less than $183,000. Commissioner Forman Monday telegraphed all stamp agents to settle only on the basis of the increased rate of 7⅞ cents per barrel, and it is expected that these instructions will apply to all cases where the stamps were not actually affixed to the packages before the new rate became operative. No figures as to the amount of cigarettes stamps disposed of have yet been received but it is believed that the sales have been abnormally large, as the rate of tax on cigarettes, speaking generally, was increased 100 per cent,. or from 50 cents per thousand to $1 the inducements to tobacco manufacturers to lay in a large supply were even greater than in the case of the brewers.

RAID THE WHITE HOUSE.

Senators and Representatives After a "Last Word."

Washington, July 26.—Senators and members are slower getting away than was advertised. They declared that they were going to flee within twenty-four hours after adjournment of congress. With that announcement they went into seclusion, but emerged Monday morning, and all day they have stealthily made their way to the White House to have a "last word" with the president. Many unexpected and humorous meetings occurred there between statesmen who were trying to steal marches on one another. As a result of this universal "rubber shoe" campaign against the president the White House crowd was almost as large as on any day since inauguration.

The president leaves town Wednesday and will take as complete a rest as possible from official work, so that those who failed to se him will have to hang up their hopes until the end of September.

Powderly's Nomination.

Washington, July 26.—Among the nominations that died Saturday night through the failure of the senate to confirm them was that of Terence V. Powderly, named by the president as commissioner general of immigration. The belief prevails in administration quarters that Mr. Powderly will be reappointed and will discharge the duties of the office until congress reconvenes in December next and the senate has a chance to confirm or reject. It can be stated on authority, however, that the president has not yet definitely decided what to do in the matter.

Indiana Man for Comptroller.

Washington, July 26.—It is understood that Robert J. Tracewell of Indiana has been selected as comptroller of the treasury.

Old Lake Captain Dead.

Chicago, July 26.—Inflammatory rheumatism, from which Captain Michael Driscoll of the steamer Sioux City had suffered only a few days, caused his death Sunday afternoon, when the disease reached his heart. Captain Driscoll was 48 years of age, was the chief officer of the Sioux City for five years and had been on the lakes for over thirty years.

Elopers Arrested.

Albion, Ia., July 26.—Charles Brandon and Mrs. Maude Updike of Austin, Minn., were captured by the sheriff of this county Sunday at Melrose and placed under arrest. The couple eloped from Austin last Thursday. Brandon left a wife, while the woman left a husband and a baby 3 years old.

Paper Mills Burned.

Kaukauna, Wis., July 26.—Fire about midnight destroyed the big plant of the Badger Paper mills, one of the largest manufactories in the Fox River valley. The loss is estimated at $200,000, with insurance of $100,000. One hundred men will be thrown out of employment. The cause of the fire is not known.

MAN-HUNT IN INDIANA.

Three Convicts Escape from the Michigan City Prison.

Michigan City, Ind., July 26.—While the church bells were tolling in this city Sunday night the harmonious sound was broken by the deep alarm whistle of the northern Indiana penitentiary. The resounding blasts announced that three convicts—William Wright, Joseph Taylor and William Connell—had scaled the walls of the institution and were fleeing over the sand hills to regain the liberty of which the law deprived them.

Bloodhounds were pressed into service and the fugitives are being pursued by scores of farmers, residents of Michigan City and guards from the prison. The fleeing convicts made straight for the sand hills which surround the town and extend far back from the lake into the surrounding country.

Not in many years has Michigan City been in such a tumult of excitement. The three prisoners, it was announced, had assaulted Chief Engineer Doran, scaled the west wall and, clad in ordinary citizens' garb, were miles in advance of pursuit. Soon after the alarm scores of guards, "trusties," city police and 300 citizens were in pursuit. Though every avenue of escape known to the officials was cut off and the country aroused for twelve miles around, the convicts eluded capture and up to a late hour no trace had been found of the three men.

The men were "half trusties" and were in charge of Chief Engineed Doran, assisting him in sewer work. While the men were busy putting pipes in place Engineer Doran went to the supply house for tools. While he was away Wright and Taylor changed their prison suits, and assisted by Connell placed a ladder on top of a pile of lumber close to the west wall. Climbing to the top they dropped fifteen feet to the ground and ran at top speed toward the open country.

OFF FOR THE EL DORADO.

Nearly 300 Gold Seekers Sail from Seattle for the Yukon.

Seattle, Wash., July 26.—No greater crowd ever assembled on the wharves of Seattle than that which witnessed the departure of the steamer City of Mexico from Dyea Sunday morning. On the Mexico were 283 passengers who left to seek their fortunes in the Klondyke. The advertised time of sailing was 9 o'clock, but it was considerably after 12 o'clock before she left. Long before that time the wharf was completely blocked with people who were on hand to witness the departure and the crowd spread out along the wharves and docks to the north for nearly a mile. On a conservative estimate there were fully 8,000 people on the wharves, twice as many as had assembled to bid adieu to any preceding steamer, showing that instead of abating, the Klondyke fever is more widespread than ever. In addition to her passengers the Mexico carried 1,800 tons of freight, consisting entirely of outfits of the gold seekers. She has on board forty-eight horses to be used in packing the supplies over the Chilicoth pass from Dyea to Lake Linderman.

SOUTH FEELS REVIVING TRADE.

Were Miners' Strike Settled Industrial Situation Would Be Good.

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 26.—The Tradesman's southern correspondents report an activity in industrial operations that is very encouraging under existing circumstances. The coal miners' strike threatens to retard business, but an early settlement is hoped for. In the southern states the strike has not been serious. Matters have been amicably settled in the Birmingham district and the men who were out have resumed work. The miners in West Virginia are fairly well satisfied with present conditions and only afew mines are idle. In the Jellico district, in Tennessee, the miners are still idle and considerable destitution is reported.

The situation in iron and steel shows little change since last week. Operations are active, with favorable outlook and three additional furnaces will be put in blast at Birmingham. The demand for lumber is steady. Prices have an upward tendency and a live business is expected when the fall season opens.

Went Through a Trestle.

Marietta, O., July 26.—As an excursion train was returning from Zanesville, O., at 9:50 o'clock Sunday night the trestlework over the bottomland three and a half miles from Marietta gave way and two of the four coaches were precipitated to a cornfield below. The coaches were filled with people and by a miracle no one was killed. About fifteen persons were badly injured and all were more or less bruised. Miss Nellie Purdy of this city was injured in the breast and will probably die. One of the coaches took fire and some of the passengers were burned slightly before they could escape.

Daring Alpine Climber Killed.

Paris, July 26.—A special dispatch from Grenoble says the body of young Sorrel, the daring Alpine climber, whose venturesome feats have attracted attention this summer, and who started on the 18th to make the ascent of Mount Taillefer, has been found at the bottom of a deep crevasse with his neck broken. Mr. Sorrel was only 19 years of age. Evidently he had lost his way in the fog.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c

THE LOGAN STATUE.

The equestrian statue of General John A. Logan, [illegible] unveiled in Chicago, represents Logan as he appeared at the taking of Atlanta and is said to be Sculptor St. Gaudens' masterpiece.

JOHN A. LOGAN'S RIDE

Down the Front of the Wavering Union Forces at Atlanta.

STORY THE CHICAGO STATUE TELLS.

Dedication of the Memorial Performed Before a Host of Those Who Love to Do Him Honor—Impressive Military Parade.

Chicago, July 23.—Chicago, Illinois, the nation, has honored the first soldier of the Prairie State, and it is not speaking in vanity to say that it has been done fittingly. In warlike bronze the man of battle, anointed with the libations of praise and given to undying remembrance, who are bidden to cherish and honor the name of John A. Logan. With military and civic pomp the people of the nation united yesterday to do honor to the hero of Atlanta. The son of Illinois, who seized the fallen standard and rode through the hail of bullets, rallying the broken troops and turning defeat to victory has been praised by statesmen and honored by the presence of a fourth of the nation's standing army.

Foremost for John A. Third.

Shortly after 2 o'clock a wee boy in sailor suit grasped the rope holding the flag which draped the heroic bronze. The little fellow smiled as he gazed aloft at the towering mass of metal which he had been told was made to honor the grandfather whose name he bore. Then he set his lips and gave it a short, hard tug. The drapery slipped aside and fell about the pedestal. The sun gleamed upon the brazen charger and the golden garland in the hand of the beckoning horseman. A vast cheer swelled from the human sea which surged about the monumental base. Beginning among the women and men gathered upon the elevated stand it swelled away to the walk, the street, and east toward the lake, rising and increasing in volume like the low rumbling of an approaching storm. Then the air shook with the deep roar of the revenue cutter's cannon. Another answered and then another, and the twenty-one guns on the lake thundered in chorus.

Distinguished Company Present.

The unveiling had been preceded by the speech of Henry W. Blodgett, chairman of the presentation committee, and it was succeeded by other speeches, eloquent and impassioned, by Governor Tanner, George W. Peck, and others. The audience in the grand stand included Secretary of War Alger, and the representative of the administration present; Governor Scofield and staff, of Wisconsin; Governor Mount and staff, of Indiana; Governor Holcomb and staff, of Nebraska; Sculptor St. Gaudens; the Logan family—Mrs. John A. Logan, Major and Mrs. William F. Tucker, Captain and Mrs. John A. Logan—and scores of other men and women of state and national fame. It was 2 p. m. when the cannons spoke again. This time it was the signal for the great military pageant to start. Thirteen shots echoed across the park and immediately the massed crowds along the boulevard were divided by a moving stream of soldiers.

Closes with a Grand Parade.

Drums beat, bayonets gleamed in the clear sunshine, the fresh wind played with the silken banners, and strains of martial music kept time with the heavy tramp of feet. Regulars in blue uniforms were succeeded by the militia in gray, with white trimmings and plumes. They marched between solid banks of people, crowded against buildings and filling the curbs. Every window in the tall office buildings was filled with men and women. Flags and decorations adorned the line of march. The honor was to the soldier who won Atlanta for Sherman; John A. Logan was the personification of war on any battlefield where he was present, it was at Atlanta that he won his most signal victory and where those electrifying warlike qualities he possessed above out the strongest and most effectual-ly. He was like Sheridan at Cedar Creek—on the battle.

Fireworks and Reception.

About 8 p. m. Mrs. Logan and her party left the Auditorium Annex for the Coliseum. An immense throng had gathered to witness in the Coliseum gardens the fireworks, which were on a par with the lavish and beautiful display shown at intervals during the World's fair.

At the conclusion of the spectacle the crowd turned to the Coliseum, where for over an hour Mrs. Logan, Secretary and Mrs. Alger, and Sculptor St. Gaudens received thousands who pressed into the building.

HOW HE WON HIS RENOWN.

Makes the Wavering Line a Rock and Turns Defeat Into Victory.

An unpleasant incident of the parade was the disagreeable reception accorded Governor Tanner at frequent points along the line of march. In more than a dozen places he was hissed loudly. Cheers were given him, too, and in front of the reviewing stand on Michigan avenue a flattering greeting was given him; but at places—notably at Jackson boulevard and Lasalle street—he was met with a storm of hisses.

And this is the way in which his renown on that day, and the great article the inspiration that has been perpetuated in bronze. The whole army of Sherman was just east of Atlanta. Sherman was at the center. Thomas and Schofield were the right wings—to the north. McPherson, with Logan just below him in command, was at the left—to the south. Decatur, northeast ten miles, was full of Confederate cavalry, under Wheeler and a strong artillery force. Southwest ten miles was Sprague's brigade, marching forward—to be driven over the rear which the rest of Sherman's army had so long taken. Harden's command a brigade on the rebel left to the north of Atlanta. There was no strong force opposed to McPherson, but he was not yet ready to move forward.

Just at this time the Confederate leaders removed Johnston from the command of the rebel army and gave the place to Hood. McPherson had known him at West Point and knew he was a fighter. Sherman knew him and gave warning that the Union army must be on its guard. And two days later the warning was verified. Hood's "New Tactics"—swept suddenly around from his position in front of Schofield, marched down to the west of Atlanta and suddenly struck at McPherson's command. That was July 22, 1864. McPherson at the moment was up at headquarters, to the east of Atlanta, chatting with Sherman. Sherman had just learned that the force in front of Schofield was withdrawn. His men had felt the country to the west of them for three miles and found nothing but abandoned camps and empty earthworks. For one brief while the dream that Hood had evacuated Atlanta came to him. There he heard the roar of battle to the south. Hardee had struck at McPherson's corps.

Instantly McPherson was in his saddle. He dashed away to the south with a single orderly. Before he had passed his farthest flank and was cutting into the Union army. It meant disaster. But there came the chance of war. Sprague's brigade, just arriving, filled the breach in the space which protected the Seventh corps, and the rebel advance was checked. McPherson turned his horse and dashed down a wood path across timber in which not a single rebel had appeared a moment before. He ran straight into a detail of rebel skirmishers and their commander called him to surrender. General McPherson simply replied with the military salute and turned to ride north. Forward dashed the skirmishers. The skirmishers fired a volley and the gallant commander fell dead from his horse.

His orderly galloped swiftly to Sherman with the news, and the commander-in-chief turned his horse along the line of men who might succeed to that lamented vacancy. There were Logan and Hooker and Howard. There was Logan. And to him fell the momentous command—and the obligation to turn the tide of defeat and win the battle of Atlanta. It was a crisis. The line knew McPherson—loved and trusted as the rebels loved and followed Hardee—and dike like a hurricane. A mile away the legions of Cheatham were forming into line of battle. Between the rebels and the Union lines lay the body of McPherson, his pockets rifled, his watch gone.

In that most trying of moments the soldiers who had heard a roar to their right; saw the galloping advance of a mighty horseman, felt the stirring of battle-mad enthusiasm and knew a new leader had come, saw Logan mount his reins and guided his steed in the very teeth of peril. He has right in front of the rebel line—the colors of the nation they all adored. His black eyes flashed and his voice rolled over the field like thunderous voice called them to come on and avenge the death of McPherson. His command stamped him the leader of armies, the man for a supreme occasion. How they howled their welcome to his coming! How they nerved themselves to any blow that fell. How they trusted him!

A storm of cannon shot stopped Cheatham and he never made a junction with Hardee till he found him in the night, beaten, baffled and thoroughly routed. The whole of that left wing drove back the enemy, and McPherson's riddled body was recovered. The men who had killed him were trapped in their turn, and every scrap of his papers was recovered. When they had recaptured that ground the right wing of Hardee was behind them. And they whirled about and scooped up the whole division prisoners. Then they faced about to the west again and drove back the whole murderous line of Hardee, and chased Cheatham out of the woods, throwing up entrenchments every time they paused at the end of a rush, and holding their places like walls of solid rock.

And the battle of Atlanta was won. Hardee was crushed. Hood was discredited. In the very moment of surprise, at the very verge of a panic, John A. Logan went down the length of the line, disdainful of danger, preserved from death a thousand times, and swept with the army of the Tennessee to the very gates of Atlanta.

That great achievement and the qualities that made it possible is what Chicago and the nation honored yesterday.

HER ONLY FAULT.

As I went to my bachelor chamber one night
And reflected on life as I put out the light
I resolved that the clubs I would visit no more,
But devote my affections to dear Isadore.

She is faultless in figure and lovely in face.
Every movement the very perfection of grace.
So modest and gentle, congenial and sweet
That the styles and cynics are all at her feet.

Like the wings of the humming bird over the flower
Fly her tapering fingers in Liszt's potpourris;
The sweep on the harp and the Spanish guitar
And her voice is soprano that reaches to fa.

She is witty and brilliant in quick repartees,
And she sings melodies with marvelous ease.
Conversation in German and French can use;
And has traveled in Italy, Egypt and Spain.

All the tender emotions so scouted before
Have accused in my heart for the fair Isadore,
Her unerring affections are nipped in the bud,
For she will drag her skirts through the streets in the mud!

—W. E. Morris in New York Ledger.

A WONDERFUL POND.

Human Eyes Are Often Inhabited by Large Numbers of Living Creatures.

The water contained in a well developed, well formed eye in which the sight is not impaired, more especially where a person is farsighted, presents many curious phenomena. Looking through an open window in daylight upon a hazy atmosphere or through a fog such as is seen in any city, or looking to the north upon a gray atmosphere, one will see that conditions are made to arrange disks flitting and jumping about in the eye water. It has been my privilege to watch these organisms for several years, flitting about in the eye water, jumping toward each other again in strife and combat, in the which the water would become comparatively clear of amoebiform organisms, only to be again full of microcosci and the combats as severe.

The various shapes of these animalcules are surprising. Some are attenuated and fine filaments. Again, others are like wee bits of fine porcelain, with little projections, reminding one of the turtle hopping about. Again, others present the appearance of cyclops and daphne.

Here these organisms get into the eye water is a mystery—perhaps in the water we drink or foods we eat, either or both. The fact that the eye water is inhabited, like all other bodies of water, is a truth that can be proved positively, along with Sherman. Sherman had just learned that the force in front of Schofield was withdrawn. His men had felt the country to the west of them for three miles and found nothing but abandoned camps and empty earthworks. For one brief while the dream that Hood had evacuated Atlanta came to him. There he heard the roar of battle to the south. Hardee had struck at McPherson's corps.

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STREET OF SPIDERS.

CURIOUS DISCOVERIES MADE IN A FLORIDA THICKET.

Immense Webs Woven by Yellow Spiders. A Mysterious Disappearance Explained. A Prolific Insect—Tricks of Nature Protect the Defenseless.

Once, in attempting to force my way through the thick bay cedar underbrush of one of the smaller and outer keys of the Florida reef I suddenly broke into an opening which had the appearance of a narrow street or trail. The brush was six or eight feet in height and remarkably thick, and the heat was intolerable. The branches and leaves which were interlaced formed a perfect network and gave shelter to innumerable crabs, which had taken possession of old birds' nests, while under foot the eggs and newly hatched terns almost covered the ground.

Once in the opening or street it was found to be about seven feet across, winding away out of sight, but my way was blocked by several large obstacles—a succession of webs stretched vertically across the pathway at intervals of five or six feet. They were of extraordinary strength and were thrown out and poised in a marvelous manner. In the corners of the webs and other barriers clung a huge yellow spider, so ugly and conspicuous that I stopped before this first dumbfounding evidence of my eyes, and as I looked the first yellow spider of the series disappeared. There was no death about it. As first startled me and gaudy, it slowly faded away, and through the web I could see other yellow spiders beyond, suggesting that it was no illusion.

While I stood wondering in the hot sun the spider solved the mystery by appearing again, first dimly, then like many spiders quivering in the strong light, finally resolving itself into one of the yellow fellows that moved like a pendulum to and fro and then stopped. I touched it gently with a switch I held, and found it no illusion, but very much so.

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Crawling beneath the web, I centered my attention upon a large, also red, yellow or saffron in color, with black, velvetlike markings, hanging in the center of the web. The web collected with the remains of many feasts—empty skeletons of insects, bits of pearly fish scales and large droppings of some passing bird, a delicate feather and a motley array of flies and other insect folk. Then, with my spider and web under inspection, then I saw a slight convulsive movement of its legs as it imparted the web to a gentle spidery motion, and the web that put this wonderful life saving device, for this it was, in motion. It was the spider's defense and protection from enemies.

Certain birds undoubtedly preyed upon this spider, for I noticed its mysteriously disappearing had on more than one occasion served it well. I once saw a large bird, probably a species of the bird when darting down to seize the plump and showy spider to find that it had slipped away.

There was much in this street of yellow spiders to distract the mind from the luscious fruit which poured down from the almost vertical sun. In the middle of the path, beyond a turn, grew a clump of cactus with long, slender, pipe fruit rich in the purple of full maturity—a brilliant contrast to the green leaves. As I stood there pounded down a hail storm, dropping from the bushes and scurrying away over the sand I thought I saw a large, dark object, and, sure enough, to my amazement, it passed directly out of sight, not after the fashion of the birds, but more deliberately and one of the big leaves. I almost expected to see the others follow it, but nothing of the kind happened. I walked ahead and placed myself in a position to see behind the broad, flat, pear shaped leaf. There was the crab, a large, dark one with a purple back the exact tint of the fruit, while its general shape, when the leaves were tucked up beneath its body, made the crab a mimic of the cactus fruit, a protective resemblance so perfect that it would baffle the keen sharp eyed enemies, and I should have passed it by had it remained quiet, but the phenomenon of the leaves drew it to my attention and led to its discovery.

For some distance I followed this street of spiders, creeping beneath the webs when I could, and everywhere these trifling natures to protect the defenseless were apparent. The eggs of the gulls simulated the sand in color; the little spiders, the bark of the bay cedar, was the exact tint of the leaves and defied detection until accidentally discovered, and the crab in its secluded spot nature had thrown her protecting mantle of mimicry.—New York Post.

Too Crude.

Medical Editor—This will never do, Jones. You write here of "a pea dipped in gall." We've given up gall. Make it "a pea charged with dangerous excitement."—Pick Me Up.

The man who tries to turn out to the left always goes home with an impression that the streets are filled by crowds of boorish persons.—Milwaukee Journal.

I have always thought that what was good was only what was beautiful put in action.—Rousseau.

NO DANGER OF CIVIL WAR.

Why Uncle Sam's Big Family Will Henceforth Live In Peace.

There is no longer any danger of a civil war, says Woodrow Wilson in The Atlantic. There was war between the south and the rest of the nation because their differences were removable in no other way. There was no prospect that slavery, the root of those differences, would ever disappear in the mere process of growth. It was to be superseded, on the contrary, that the very processes of growth would inevitably lead to the extension of slavery and the perpetuation of radical social and economic contrasts and antagonisms between state and state, between region and region. A heroic remedy was the only remedy. Slavery being removed, the south is now joined with the west—joined with it in a stage of development, as a region chiefly agricultural, without diversified industries, without a multifarious trade, without those subtle extended nerves which come with all round economic development, and which make men keenly sensible of the interests that link the world together, as it were, into a single community. But these are lines of difference which will be effaced by mere growth, which time will calmly ignore. They make no boundaries for armies to cross.

Side water Virginia was thus separated once from her own population within the Alleghany valleys—held two jealous sections within her own limits. Massachusetts once knew the sharp divergence of interest and design which separated the coast settlements upon the bay from the restless pioneers of the Connecticut up the free lands of her own western counties. North Carolina was once a comfortable and indifferent "east" to the hungry "west" that was to become Tennessee. Virginia once seemed old and effete to Kentucky. The "great west" once lay upon the Ohio, but has since disappeared there, overlaid by the changes which have made the farthest of the "east" to the great lakes and beyond.

There has never yet been a time in our history when we were without an "east" and a "west," but the novel day when we shall be without them is now in sight. As the country grows it will inevitably grow homogeneous. Population will not henceforth spread, but compact, its front line when new land is to be won the seas where the "west" can find another lodgment. The conditions which prevent the one side widening "east" will sooner or later cover the continent, and we shall at last be one people.

THE ARTIST'S PRIVILEGE.

No Phase of Life Which the Realist May Not Touch.

In a defense of his literary methods Arthur Morrison, the English novelist, writes in The New Review:

"If I have a right to be in print, if I think that there is no phase of life which the artist may not touch. Most certainly I claim the right. I know it. It is the artist's privilege to seek his material where he thinks well, and it is the man's privilege to say that he may. If the community has left horrible places and horrible lives before his eyes, that the artist may not touch the community, and to picture these places and these lives becomes not merely his privilege, but his duty. It was my fate to encounter a place in Shoreditch where children were born and reared in circumstances that rendered the existence of such children's lives no reasonable chance of living decent lives, where they were born foredamned to a criminal and pauperized career. It was my experience to learn the ways of this place, to know its inhabitants, to talk with them, eat, drink and work with them.

"For the existence of this place and for the life it engendered the community was responsible, and every member of the community was and is responsible to the degree in which, being a rich man, I might have attempted to discharge my peculiar responsibility in the matter. I have not done so, and yet I might have tried another. Being neither of these things, but a simple writer of fiction, I have tried to do my duty by writing a tale wherein I hoped to bring the condition of this place within the comprehension of others. There are those who say I should have turned away my eyes and passed by on the other side. On the very respectable precedent of the priest and the Levite in the parable."

Dosed the Doctor.

"Doctor, just an instant, please," exclaimed a caller at the office door as the doctor was about to be caught sight of the physician disappearing in his private office.

"I'll see you shortly, sir," was the curt reply.

"But a second is all I want," persisted the caller.

"I'll see you directly, sir," with sternness.

The visitor took a seat in the general reception room, read the afternoon paper through, looked at the pictures and played with the dog and took a nap. After 30 minutes or more had passed the medicine man came out of his den and with a air of condescension said to the visitor:

"Well, now, my man, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," was the response. "I just dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's three cows have escaped from the barn, have been having a picnic in your garden and flower beds."—Strand Magazine.

A Plain Direction.

Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress. He said he remembered a inch gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door, "This is the gate of heaven," and underneath was the large notice, "Go round the other way."—Household Words.

A HEALTHY WIFE

Is a Husband's Inspiration.

A sickly, half-dead-and-alive woman, especially when she is the mother of a family, is a damper to all joyousness in the home. I sometimes marvel at the patience of some husbands.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging and that everything tires her, her sleep is disturbed by horrible dreams, and that she often wakes suddenly in the night with a feeling of suffocation and alarm, she must at once begin her strength.

It matters not where she lives, she can write a letter. Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will reply promptly and without charge. The following shows the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, accompanied with a letter of advice:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped. I am now gaining strength and flesh and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed suffering women, do not suffer longer when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."—Mrs. F. S. Bennett, Westphalia, Kans.

A Thrilling Scene

One of the many described in our fascinating story

Exiled to Siberia

By Wm. Murray Graydon, soon to be printed in this paper.

Two young Americans are compelled to undergo the horrors of Russian transportation as a result of the cupidity of an official of rank in the Czar's government. It is a story of escape and recapture, of adventure and love.

How It Came to Be Victoria.

The primate had been told by the prince that he liked good historical English names in their every one could understand, and better names he couldn't have thought, than Queen Elizabeth's. He mildly suggested "Elizabeth?" "On no account," said the prince regent, and thereupon, after your royal mother and the child's royal aunt." "Certainly not." The archbishop of Kent relieved his feelings by a flood of tears. The Princess Mary kissed her, and the baby cried. Nobody ignored the mild archbishop. "What name is it your royal highness' pleasure to command?" "What's her mother's name?" "Victoria, sir," bowed the Duke of Kent. But his intervention was met by an irate look from the regent. The House of York, seeing that the christening must be hastened forward if it was to be got through with at all, took on himself to say "Alexandrina Victoria." And so the queen missed being known in history as Georgiana, a fitting name for the last of the Hanover dynasty, but less suitable for a glorious reign of 60 years than Victoria.—Contemporary Review.

A miner in Staffordshire recently discovered a petrified arm imbedded in the solid stone of ore. The peculiarity of the arm lies in the fact that the elbow joint can be made to move to and fro as though it consisted of flesh and blood.

The national flower of England is the rose, of France the lily, of Scotland the thistle and of Ireland the shamrock.

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[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JULY 31, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Chas. Frohman's Company in "Never Again."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Opera.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—McCaull Comic Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient diffi and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

We were much interested on reading the following, which appeared in the Chronicle of last Sunday:

"It has been often remarked that notwithstanding the immense number of Irish in the city of Chicago there are no statues of Irish heroes on exhibition; that while the Germans, the Swedes, Americans and other component parts of Chicago's cosmopolitan population have erected many statues to commemorate the deeds of their soldiers, writers and other men of fame, the Irish have done nothing to perpetuate the names of any of their great men. This is not strictly true.

"While one may search all the parks, squares and public places of Chicago where such a memorial would naturally be erected without finding one to commemorate any man of the long line of illustrious Irishmen, there are two statues on exhibition on crowded Chicago streets which seldom receive more than a passing glance. One is of Daniel O'Connell and the other of Robert Emmet. Both are lifesize, carved in stone, and both are excellent likenesses, judging from the extant portraits of the two famous Irishmen.

"But alas! for Irish nationalism and patriotic spirit, each stands outside the door of a saloon to serve as an advertisement. What the Irish of Chicago, with their hundreds of thousands of dollars, failed to do an enterprising firm of liquor dealers accomplished. They had statues of the two great Irish liberators(?) executed and placed in position without any ceremonial unveiling.

"This saloon firm years ago began placing the statues of Scotchmen outside their places of business. They had many saloons in various parts of town and eventually they ran out of Scotchmen. When they had a statue of Robert Burns examining a field daisy in front of one saloon, a sturdy old Scotch schoolmaster before another and Scott and other characters carved in stone, they had no more available heroes, and therefore placed a statue of Robert Emmet before one saloon and one of Daniel O'Connell before another. There they stand year after year, and of the thousands who hurry past them every day not a dozen recognize them or notice them.

"Some day, perhaps, a few resolute Irishmen will get together enough money to purchase the statues or replicas of them, and have them erected in one of the parks, as the Germans did with the statues of Goethe, Schiller, Linnae and Von Humboldt. Until that time they will serve only to catch the eye of the unwary man looking for 'imported wines and liquors.'"

It is only natural that the Scotch, who are, in truth, our cousins—at least the Highland portion of them—should take to Irish heroes, when their own crop runs short; but, in selecting Emmet and O'Connell, the spirituous Scotch firm referred to made a curious blunder. Emmet, so far as known, never touched liquor in any shape, and one of the causes of the failure of his attempted insurrection in 1803, was the misconduct of some of his followers, occasioned by over-indulgence in strong drink, which, indeed, was the curse of the period in Great Britain as well as in Ireland. Therefore, the selection of a statue of Emmet as a sign for a saloon is strikingly inappropriate. O'Connell's effigy as a saloon attraction would seem even more so. He was not alone a strict temperance man—"a teetotaler," as he was fond of calling himself—but an aggressive one. He put all the force of his magical influence over the Irish people behind Father Mathew when that matchless apostle of temperance made converts to his cause by the million in Ireland. At the meetings of Tara and Mullaghmast—two of the greatest gatherings of human beings ever seen upon the planet—O'Connell said: "I see around me an army mightier in numbers than the combined armies of Europe that fought at Leipsic! But their strength is a moral strength—they are all teetotalers."

And they were. Not a man who attended the O'Connell monster meetings was arrested for a crime, or even for an ordinary breach of the peace. O'Connell's statue is, therefore, a perpetual temperance lecture, and should deter people from, rather than attract them to, a dram shop where it is displayed. We entirely agree with the Chronicle that the Irish-Americans of Chicago are deficient in that kind of public spirit which expends itself in erecting monuments to the heroes of their race. Probably it is because the great Irishmen have been so numerous that to properly honor all of them in marble or in bronze would be a hopeless task. Other races have comparatively few great men, and, as a natural sequence, they have little difficulty in perpetuating their heroes in artistic fashion. Between the Chronicle and ourselves—strictly sub rosa and in confidence—all Irishmen are great. But they are lacking in monumental public spirit, and among those so lacking are some distinguished gentlemen intimately connected with the Chronicle. What's the matter with its chief financial pillar, for example, starting an O'Connell monument for the South Park with a $50,000 subscription? That would be the way to practically rebuke the alleged want of public spirit in his fellow-countrymen.

PEPPER EULOGIZES LOGAN.

Gen. John A. Logan, whose martial figure and heroic bearing, the sculptor St. Gaudens—a Dublin man—has so magnificently reproduced, was an Irish-American, whose grandfather was one of the youngest members of the great society of United Irishmen at the end of the last century. Logan was always proud of his Irish blood, and no man had a higher respect for the military qualities of the Irish soldier in and out of the field. We have heard him so express himself several times both privately and in his addresses before Irish meetings, held in support of Ireland's struggle for freedom. In 1866, he spoke to the great gathering of Fenians held at Haas Park, on the Desplaines river, and there unequivocally declared himself the foe of the English government in Ireland, like his father before him. He spoke proudly of his Irish origin, and, on every proper occasion afterward, emphasized his sympathy with the land of his sires. How indignant he would have been at Tanner's contemptible conduct in excluding a body of Irish soldiers from the parade held in his honor!

Among the distinguished men who were closely connected with Gen. Logan during his military as well as civil career, was the Rev. Dr. George W. Pepper, of Cleveland, Ohio, who served as chaplain in Sherman's splendid army. On July 26, this gifted orator addressed an assemblage of Ohio veterans at the Brockville Methodist church, and, in the course of his remarks, said:

"The memory of Logan is still dear to the hearts of the patriotic American millions as was demonstrated in that grand demonstration the other day in Chicago. Never on our soil was there a prouder pomp, not even when mustered for a Lincoln. There was a parade that would have graced an emperor's triumph. To honor the hero's memory came the loyalty and resources of a nation; came the corporate authorities of that splendid city; came the representatives of the various organizations; came the veterans of the war; came the remnants of that famous regiment which Logan led to victory at Belmont and Donelson; came thousands of brave men and fair women. The immortality of Logan's fame is assured; his throne in the hearts of the people is eternal. Immortal Logan! Immortal in the warm affections of the American millions, whose magnificent country he helped to preserve. Immortal in the grateful memories of the emancipated negro; immortal in the success of the Union, now more majestic, more stately, more adored than ever. My old commander, I see thee from afar, dwelling in beautiful peace and I salute thee with all the fervor of my soul.

"John A. Logan was a hero. His sublime contempt of death when he seized the flag and cried out, 'McPherson and revenge!' was equal to the hero whose valor kept the enemy at bay while the bridge was cut down.

"John A. Logan was a patriot. He was no mere street demagogue. He loved his country. John A. Logan was an orator, graceful in his carriage as an Apollo; his handsome face kindling into rapture as he became warm with his subject. He needs not that lofty pile to perpetuate his fame. Every soldier's heart is his monument. What a contrast was this beautiful dedication ceremony to the carnival of cant in London. What contrast between the orator of the Logan monument to the speeches of the slobbering idiots over royalty. John A. Logan, honored and beloved friend, dauntless soldier, champion of the oppressed, hail and farewell. To have paid this tribute to thy memory has been a happy office, and to be reunited with thee in a better and happier world, is the sublimest felicity to which I aspire."

AN HONEST STATESMAN DEAD.

The Hon. James R. Doolittle, ex-United States Senator, whose political career extended throughout the most stirring period of modern American history, from 1851 to 1869, died of Bright's disease at the residence of his daughter, Providence, R. I., on Tuesday. He was in his 82d year. Mr. Doolittle was both an able and an honest man, an enemy of human slavery in any form, and a staunch friend of popular liberty. His refusal to vote for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson cost him his senatorial seat, but did not, nevertheless, cost him his place in the hearts of his countrymen. Like his friend and compatriot, the late Lyman Trumbull, another grand old American Roman, he would rather be right than a Senator. Honor, therefore, to his memory, and to the memory of all who died faithful to the faith of freedom!

HOW THE ENGLISH TORTURED AN ARCHBISHOP.

People who are fond of calling the Red Indians of today cruel savages forget that those primitive people must have received their ideas of human torture from some higher source than their own inspiration. Both the Spanish and the English, who have been subjugators of the Indians, are past masters in the art of ingenious punishment, as the Mexicans, South Americans, Cubans, East Indians, Irish and South Africans can abundantly testify. In 1581, in the reign of the remorseless Elizabeth, called by the English "good Queen Bess," there lived in and ruled over the ancient archdiocese of Cashel, a saintly archbishop, named Dermond O'Hurley—a man who had been highly honored by several illustrious Popes and Cardinals because of his piety and learning. He was appointed to the See of Cashel in 1581, by Pope Gregory XIII., having previously held the chair of canon law at the university of Rheims in France. History informs us that "with considerable difficulty," the newly-appointed prelate made his way from Cherbourg to the island of Skerries, and thence to the city of Waterford.

He was much dreaded by the emissaries of Elizabeth, and, for several years, traps were laid for his arrest and impeachment. His footsteps were constantly dogged by English spies, devoted to the interests of the so-called "Reformation," of which Henry VIII's vile daughter was the patron saint, or rather, fiend. Finally, he was compelled to adopt secular disguise, but even that availed him little, for the agents of Elizabeth, determined upon his destruction, tracked him everywhere. He was invited by Lord Fleming, of Slane Castle, to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, and, among those present at the dinner, there happened to be a queen's councillor. Tradition says he was there by design. In any case, the conversation turned on the existing condition of the country, and the archbishop's discourse so struck the councillor that he, at once, marked him for destruction. The archbishop, warned by Fleming, perhaps, fled and escaped arrest for a time. At last he fell into the hand of his ferocious English enemies, and what followed is thus graphically described:

"He was brought before the privy council for examination, and falsely accused of many crimes. Seeing that he would not renounce his faith they determined to have the archbishop slain by military law. Sir Henry Wallop, one of the council, was more savage than any of that body; he determined to subject him to the torture, 'that, if he could not extort by pain confession of guilt, he might perchance be induced by the intensity of his sufferings to abjure his faith.' Fortunately we have a description of his sufferings. The executioners placed the archbishop's feet and calves in tin boots filled with oil; they then fastened his feet in wooden shackles and placed fire under them. The boiling oil so penetrated the feet and legs that morsels of the skin and flesh fell off and left the bone bare. The historian says he was subjected to this torture for an hour, and it is said that the officer whose duty it was to preside over the torture, unused to such unheard-of suffering, and unable to look on such an inhuman spectacle, left his seat and quitted the place.

"A few days afterward, they took the holy archbishop from his cell, where he had been confined without any treatment whatever, and was led to the place of execution, June 19, 1584. With a halter roughly woven of twigs, to increase his suffering, they hung him. 'Not only his legs and feet were tortured with the boiling oil and salt,' says Dr. Walsh, 'but his whole body was burnt with the heat, and bathed in the chill perspiration of exhaustion. No torture could wring from him aught but a profession of his faith; he was stronger than his tortures, for neither boiling oil, nor piercing salt, nor blazing fire could shake his faith or extinguish the love of God. Exhausted, and, as it were, suffocated by his sufferings while fastened in the stocks, the archbishop lost all voice and sense, and when taken out lay on the ground dead, unable to move hand or foot. When he showed signs of regaining his senses he was put back in his cell.' His remains were interred in St. Kevin's."

Could any Sioux, Cheyenne or Apache excel the English of Elizabeth's time in cruelty? And many of the English satraps, in countries that have neither press nor means of communication with the outer world, such as the wilds of India and the interior of South Africa, have no hesitation in resorting to savage methods of repression even in our own day. We have not far to go to find the originals on which Indian torture methods are modeled.

DEATH OF FATHER AGNEW.

We have deep sorrow in announcing the death of the Rev. P. J. Agnew, pastor of St. Sylvester's Catholic church, this city, who died, after a prolonged illness, at the parochial residence, No. 94 Palmer avenue, on Wednesday morning. Father Agnew was, perhaps, the most eloquent Catholic clergyman in this archdiocese until illness deprived him of strength. While assistant pastor at the Cathedral, his pulpit efforts were greatly admired, and a brilliant future seemed assured to him. He was made pastor of St. Sylvester's at the death of the Rev. Father Delaney, in 1889, and his premature death is a sad blow to the congregation by which he was ardently beloved.

The lamented priest was born, of Irish parents, in Dundee, Scotland, forty-eight years ago, and was ordained at the age of 25. He came to America in his 33d year, and gravitated to Chicago, where he had many brothers, some of whom survive him. His elder brother, the Hon. Francis Agnew, ex-sheriff of this county, died only a little over a year ago, lamented by the entire community. Father Agnew's health was robust up to 1895, when alarming symptoms seemed to develop suddenly, and since then he had been on the decline. After undergoing a surgical operation, he made a trip to Mexico, with the hope of regaining vigor; but, soon after his return, the bad symptoms returned and his case became hopeless. He met his fate with the calm resignation and lofty hope of a truly Christian shepherd. The exigency of going to press compels us to omit an account of the obsequies until next issue.

OGDEN GROVE DEMONSTRATION.

Irish-Americans of Chicago:—Remember that the Irish National Demonstration will be held at Ogden Grove this year, on Saturday, Aug. 14, because the 15th falls on Sunday. Make no mistake about this. McGlynn, Graham and Pepper will be the orators of the day and evening.

A FEDERAL JACK IN OFFICE.

It would seem that the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Department, Mr. Vanderlip, of Illinois, has run foul of Congressman R. B. Mahany, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has been striving for the restoration of Captain O'Meagher Condon to the position of Inspector of Federal Buildings, from which he was removed by the Cleveland administration. The correspondent of the Buffalo Evening News, in his report of a conference between Mr. Mahany and Mr. Vanderlip in regard to Captain Condon, is rather severe upon "Van," and says that, when the young congressman called—

"The Assistant Secretary was in a very lofty mood. When Mr. Mahany introduced Captain Condon as one of the most distinguished Irish-Americans in the United States and a veteran of the Civil War who had fought throughout the entire four years of that struggle, Mr. Vanderlip's nose assumed an angle anywhere from 45 to 90 degrees. The Congressman noticed the attitude of the Assistant Secretary, but quietly continued to press Captain Condon's claims. He said:

"Mr. Vanderlip, there is something more than the question of mere political recognition in the case of Captain Condon. Toward him the Irish-Americans of the United States feel more than a personal regard. It partakes in its nature of National sentiment. He was the leader of the Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, in whose honor the National hymn of Ireland was written. For his part in that affair Captain Condon was arrested and sentenced to death by the British Government. He was saved by President Grant's administration the day before the execution. The sentence of death was remitted, but he suffered imprisonment for over twelve years before release was granted. In his behalf was secured the largest petition ever presented to Congress.

"'Such a man,' continued Mr. Mahany, 'has a claim on the affection of those who are loyal to the memories of Ireland and the Irish cause, far beyond any considerations of politics or personality. He represents a sentiment and his reinstatement will be received as one of the most popular acts of the administration. On purely American grounds, however, he has the clearest right to this justice. He is a veteran of the Civil War, was removed for partisan reasons, and now that the party for which he has fought for so many years is again in power he should be restored.'

"Mr. Vanderlip was very supercilious, and answered with emphasis on the 'we:' 'We have no need of more inspectors, and there is no prospect of Captain Condon's restoration.'

"The air of proprietorship over the whole Treasury Department assumed by the very recently appointed Assistant Secretary angered Mr. Mahany, and he remarked:

"'Possibly, Mr. Vanderlip, there are other influences in the government that may secure Captain Condon's reinstatement. It is only a question whether he is restored pleasantly or unpleasantly.'

"'Oh, as to that,' said Vanderlip, 'I shall see that he is not.'

"'Indeed,' said Mr. Mahany, 'is it possible that I have made a mistake in imagining that you are not the whole administration? Good afternoon.' And Mr. Mahany took his departure.

"The episode has been the talk of the Treasury Department, and Mr. Vanderlip's arrogance has been the subject of unfavorable comment among the older and more experienced employes. Before the matter is finally settled it is likely to embarrass the administration, because Captain Condon numbers among his friends practically every Irish-American of the United States."

Mr. Mahany has traveled enough to know that the brakeman on almost every railroad in the land is always a more important personage than the President or General Superintendent of the road. Mr. Vanderlip is, therefore, in his own estimation, a greater dignitary than Secretary Gage. If Mr. Mahany had seen the latter gentleman, instead of his body servant, he would, doubtless, have received courteous treatment, and, perhaps, Captain Condon would have received his appointment. Always go to the commanding officer, Mr. Mahany. Never bother with the corporal.

MAJ. MOSES P. HANDY, of the Times-Herald, has been appointed American Chief Commissioner at the Paris Exposition. This is a most excellent selection, as no man in the United States is better equipped for the office than the gallant and gifted Major.

THE Marquis Ito is said to be trying to stir up Europe against us on account of Hawaii. Ito rhymes prettily with mosquito.

THE Dingley tariff law went into effect on Friday of last week, at midnight.

THE Rev. J. M. Cleary, rector of St. Charles' church, Minneapolis, one of the prominent priests of the West, a well-known temperance advocate and the president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, observed his silver jubilee on Sunday fortnight, and his people and brother priests on that occasion showed in a substantial way the esteem and affection in which they held him.—Ex.

EMPEROR WILHELM has a lame eye, because of contact with a rotten rope end; but he keeps the sound optic fixed on England's game in Africa.

ENGLAND thinks the United States is drifting toward a war. We agree with her, and the war wind seems to be blowing us in her direction.

IT is reported that the Canadian government will charge a tax of 10 per cent on all mining products in the Klondyke region, and also hold each alternate claim for government benefit. The Canucks must be hankering after annexation.

THE thirtieth anniversary of the death of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher was recently celebrated, with appropriate memorial exercises, in his native city of Waterford, Ireland.

MR. CHARLES A. HAWLEY, an old and highly-respected citizen of Chicago, died at his residence, 3515 Grand Boulevard, on Wednesday morning, aged 66 years. He was a native of Vermont and had been in Chicago since 1855. His wife and three sons survive him. The latter are Mr. Samuel F. Hawley, of the law firm of Walker, Judd & Hawley; Mr. Edwin W. Hawley, well known in the business circles of Chicago and St. Louis, and Dr. Joseph R. Hawley, recently examining surgeon of the city Civil Service Commission.

WHEN McKinley looks toward Hawaii he is a Jingo. When he looks toward Cuba he is a Mingo.

JOHN SHERMAN, according to the thin-skinned English editors, is not a polite letter-writer.

THE Rev. A. J. McGavick, for ten years connected with All Saints church, has been appointed pastor of St. John's church, this city, succeeding the late greatly lamented Rev. T. J. Butler. Father McGavick is in his thirty-fourth year, and is reputed to be one of the best pulpit orators in the archdiocese. He is a native of Geneva, Wis.

JIM BENNETT'S paper, the New York Herald, says we (the United States) are "an Anglo-Saxon nation." Jim's father was a Scotch Celt, and his grandmother an Irish Celt. Jim himself is an American Celt, and three-fourths of the American population are of the same blood. But an Englishman invented the phrase "Anglo-Saxon," just as another Englishman (Chaplain Story) invented the phrase "Scotch-Irish," both of which are false and misdescriptive.

MAYOR HARRISON has gone to seek rest forty-five miles from Marquette, Mich. There, he hopes, no office-hunters will dare to pursue him. His Honor is mistaken. In order to escape the office-beggar, he would have to dwell 445 miles from the nearest market. Office-seekers are always hungry.

JAPAN had better drop expanding herself. She may burst.

ALD. WILLIAM MANGLER evidently never laid to heart Burns' sage advice to a friend:

Ay free, aff han' your story tell
When wi' a bosom crony,
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye'll scarcely tell to ony!

THE President, nathless the Senate's failure to confirm the nomination, has made Terence V. Powderly, of Scranton, Pa., Commissioner of Immigration.

THE bishops of Ireland have just issued a joint pastoral in which they vindicate their right to take part as bishops in the politics of the country. We have just as much respect for Episcopal politicians in Ireland as we have for Episcopal politicians in Canada; and there is little grounds for jealousy between them on the score of that esteem.—Western Watchman.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. K.," City, and other correspondents—Your communications are unavoidably held over until next week.

POLICE DEPARTMENT CHANGES.

Chief of Police Kipley has been giving his department another lively "shaking up." Among the more important changes are the discharge of Capt. John E. Fitzpatrick, formerly inspector, from the force, and the reduction to the grade of lieutenant of Capts. Albert G. Dutton, Francis P. Barcal, George M. Shippy and James Madden. Several lieutenants are transferred, and Capt. Horace M. Elliott, of the Central Detective Bureau, is retired from duty. Among the promotions are Lieut. (ex-Captain) Martin Hayes, to the Seventh District (Englewood); acting Lieut. Luke P. Colleran to the Tenth District (Desplaines); ex-Lieut, Wm. W. Howe to the Fourth District (Hyde Park); ex-Lieut. John E. Ptacek to the Fourteenth District (Attrill street); ex-Sergt. Mathew Homer to the Third District (Thirty-fifth and Halsted streets); ex-Sergt. Thomas W. Maloney to the Fifth District (Woodlawn).

In the rank of sergeant the principal changes are: Retired Desk Sergeant William Mooney assigned to duty at the Eighteenth Precinct, vice Stafford reduced; Patrolman John J. Duffy of the Seventeenth (Englewood) Precinct assigned as acting patrol sergeant at the Thirteenth (Grand Crossing) Precinct; Patrolman Martin Tyrrell of the Twenty-first (Maxwell street) Precinct assigned as acting patrol sergeant at the Twenty-third (Hinman street) Precinct; Acting Patrol Sergeant Dennis B. Quinlan of the Forty-first Precinct transferred to the Twenty-ninth Precinct; Patrol Sergeant Reinhold Meyer of the Thirty-ninth Precinct transferred to the Forty-first Precinct; Patrol Sergeant Richard Supple of the First Precinct reduced to the rank of patrolman.

The most noted officer on the list is the Englewood precinct's new Captain, the ever-popular Martin Hayes. He was born in Ireland some fifty years ago, but because of frequent baths in a miraculous "hole" of the river Shannon in his early years, he bids defiance to time, and still looks not more than 30 years old. Whenever a gray hair appears in his luxuriant mustache, which is about once in ten years, Martin, if on service, procures leave of absence, bies him back to Limerick, and, it is said, takes "a header" into the Shannon. He comes out a new man, warranted to last, without further repair, for a decade, or the money returned to Uncle Sam by an agent of St. Patrick who presides over the waters of Lough Derg. Capt. Hayes is married and the father of an interesting family. He resides at No. 2445 Wabash avenue. He first joined the force in 1868, and, by personal merit, rose to the grade of captain. Reduced by a hostile administration he indignantly retired, but was soon restored to the command of a precinct with the rank of lieutenant, and now again he has succeeded to his original grade. THE CITIZEN cordially congratulates Capt. Hayes on his well-deserved promotion.

HON. C. J. DEVLIN'S HUMANE ACTION.

SPRING VALLEY, Ill., July 26.—The mining situation in this district is unchanged. The men are all out and remain quiet, but firm.

At Marquette, three miles from this city, Hon. C. J. Devlin, president of the Devlin Coal Company, Chicago, has ordered the superintendent to give out the following to the miners every two weeks: Fifty pounds of flour, one pound coffee, half pound tea, ten pounds sugar, five pounds corn beef and ten pounds salt pork.

Mr. Devlin said to a reporter of the Associated Press that he did not want the miners of his mine to go around the country among the farmers to beg and ordered his superintendent to give them the above articles to the end of the strike. Mr. Devlin also says that he is in sympathy with the miners and would be glad to see them win as they were working hard and barely making a living.

"My System was out of order and I was tired all the time. After taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was entirely cured and that tired feeling passed away."—George Weber, 135 E. Fullerton avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

1598. 1897.

LAMH DEARG ABUAHD!

22D IRISH National Demonstration,

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of

Chicago and Cook County, at

OGDEN'S GROVE

ON

SATURDAY, AUG. 14,

Being the 299th Anniversary of the Victory of the Yellow Ford and the 298th of that of Curlew Mountains!

The Demonstration will be held on Saturday, August 14. for the reason that August 15 falls on Sunday.

Chairman Afternoon Meeting. P. B. FLANAGAN.
Speakers, Hon. DANIEL E. MCGLYNN, of East St. Louis; Hon. JAMES M. GRAHAM, of Springfield, Ill.
Reading of Address, Hon. JAMES MAHER.
Chairman Evening Meeting. WILLIAM H. JOYCE.
Speaker, Rev. Dr. GEORGE W. PEPPER, of Cleveland, O.

TICKETS - 50 CTS

Sold Only at the Entrance to the Grove.

JOHN T. KEATING, President. JOHN ROCHE, Treasurer.
J. A. LONG, Vice-President. F. J. CONROY and A. DONOGHUE, Secretaries.
D. O'CONNOR, J. J. GUBBINS, JAMES C. STRAIN, Trustees.

Take Clybourn avenue or North Halsted street Cars.

Saturday, August 14.

SATURDAY AUGUST 14.

"PRIESTS IN POLITICS."

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

rule, neither spiritual nor temporal rewards should be promised; nor on the other hand, should spiritual or temporal coercion be resorted to in order to influence the choice of a voter in favor of a particular candidate. He was not disposed to quarrel with the substantial justice of that decision. The learned judge declared in it that the Catholic priest might counsel, advise, recommend, entreat and point out the true line of moral duty, and might, if he thought fit, throw the whole weight of his character into the scale, but he could not appeal to the fears, the terrors, or the superstitions of those he addressed. He (Most Rev. Dr. Healy) thought that the priest was free to do what was set forth in the judgment. The main point was that as a priest he should be free to point out the line of moral duty, to give his reasons and to exhort his people to follow that line of duty. In his opinion that was quite enough for the priest—at least on ordinary occasions.

No doubt a great occasion might arise, the greatest religious interests might be at stake, and the priest might feel it his duty not only to point out the line of moral duty but also to tell his flock that to ignore it would be a sin, and possibly in certain extreme cases a grave sin, against God and against the church. And as the late Dr. O'Hanlon explained in reply to the Maynooth Commission of '66, if a man maintained his fixed purpose of considering what was according to the issue a grave sin, the priest would be not only justified but bound to refuse him absolution if he came to confession under such circumstances. The case Dr. O'Hanlon quoted could scarcely occur, but he thought he was right and courageous in speaking of it as a possible case, and pointing out the priest's duty, no matter what view the law might take of it in such circumstances. If it occurred the priest should consult his bishop, and he believed the bishop would be very slow, indeed, in condemning an act of an individual voter as a mortal sin or refusing him absolution, especially if the voter was acting in good faith although from a perverse and mistaken view of his duty in the case. His own opinion was that at least in ordinary cases there was no need for the priest to come into collision with the law, and that a zealous priest who weighed his words well might—without violating the law—do all that his duty required and exercise far more influence in the long run than if he were clearly to violate the rule of law as laid down by the learned judge.

Another thing he wished to observe was that the duty did not apply to purely political questions. Of course, in most questions where the spiritual interests of the people were at stake, perhaps more so than their temporal interests, the priest had a right to speak to the people upon such questions and to point out the line of conscientious duty which all good Catholics were bound to pursue. He spoke of temporal interests which affected primarily or materially the temporal interests of the people. As a rule the pulpit was no place for the discussion of such questions, however useful or important they might be in themselves. They were profane questions that could not with propriety be discussed in the house of God. Often good Catholics might differ on such questions, and it was obviously improper to force them to listen to opinions distasteful to them when they came to the church to worship God. The only result would be to keep them away altogether from the church or to compel them to go elsewhere. The priest of prudence and experience, if he found it his duty to take an active part in political discussions, would not set up for himself in opposition to the views of his brother priests or of his ecclesiastical superiors. He might possibly be right in his opinions, but the public expression of them in such circumstances was likely to do more harm than good. The strength of the church lay in the discipline and union of the clergy. When they thought it necessary to range themselves publicly in opposite camps it was, in his opinion, far better for the minority to abstain from political action altogether.

As he had already pointed out, no superior could compel them to become active politicians, so that if any priest did not like the views of the majority, or perhaps of the bishop, he had still the alternative of keeping silence and attending to his parish—a safer and, generally speaking, a far more profitable work for himself. Although he said that no priest was bound to become an active and prominent politician, still in this country there were many questions discussed in the press and in parliament in which the spiritual interests of the people were at stake, and in the discussion of which the priest might take a prominent and a useful part. Even in purely political questions also, where the interests of his flock are at stake, the able and experienced priest might feel himself called upon to help his flock in the unequal conflict between the privileged classes on the one side and the poor oppressed people on the other. But even in such circumstances he must never forget that he is a priest, and he should so regulate his language, his dignity, and his demeanor as to bring no discredit on his ministry and give no reasonable ground of offense to any man whatsoever.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 753 South Canal street, Chicago.

IRISH DAY AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Irish-Americans of Nashville, Tenn., ever patriotic and public spirited, are taking measures to have an Irish Day celebration at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition some time in September, and they hope for the cooperation of the Irish-American press and people in all neighboring cities. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes they may not be disappointed in this, and respectfully urges its contemporaries and their constituencies to render the worthy project every aid within their power. The columns of this paper are at the disposal of the gallant Tennessee Irish, and we will leave nothing within our power undone to aid their efforts.

At a meeting of the Irish-American Centennial Association held in Nashville a few evenings ago, Mr. T. W. Wrenne was elected president and Mr. J. Driscol was chosen as secretary. Among the other prominent Irish-American citizens in attendance were R. G. Throne, Dr. W. J. McMurray, Dr. J. M. Coyle, O. J. Timothy, Judge Tracy, Squire Power, James Killelea, P. F. Cleary, T. J. Slower, H. J. Grimes and Michael McCormick. Eloquent speeches were made by Messrs. Throne, Wrigut, Dr. McMurray, Killelea, Col. Lawless and O. J. Timothy. An executive committee, composed of members from five districts of the city was appointed as follows: Oliver J. Timothy, Thomas J. Tyne, John P. Daugherty, Robert G. Throne, Col. J. W. Lawless, George N. Kinnee, Thomas J. O'Keefe, J. J. Monohan, M. J. Smith, D. D. Phillips, Dr. J. J. McMurray, Major J. F. McCann, James Killelea, James Cullen, John Burns, T. J. Mooney, M. J. Gordon, M. P. McGinnis, F. J. Flanigan, M. F. Rooney, John Broderick, M. J. Martin, Thomas J. Slower, N. Breen and Thomas P. Brady.

The executive committee met subsequently and elected the following officers: Chairman, O. J. Timothy; first vice-chairman, R. G. Throne; second vice-chairman, M. M. Tracy; secretary, J. L. Driscol.

Committees—Ways and Means—Thos. J. Slower, Dr. J. M. Coyle, P. F. Cleary, R. McCormack and H. J. Grimes. Promotion and Publicity—J. L. Driscol, Thomas W. Wrenne, Jas. Killelea, J. M. Coyle and E. R. Martin.

A Fishing Trip

Along the Lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the title of a beautifully illustrated pamphlet of thirty-two pages, the contents of which are devoted to practical methods of fishing in nearby lakes and streams. One copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two cent postage stamp. GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN F. HYNES.

Mr. John F. Hynes, Assistant County Surveyor, died recently at his residence, Tilebe House, Killan, county Galway, Ireland. Deceased leaves a widow and large family to mourn his loss. The announcement of his death will be received with surprise and deep regret by his relatives and friends in this country. Mr. Hynes was a good man in every respect, and no more affectionate husband and father was ever called away from those he loved so well. May his soul rest in peace.

DEATH OF JOSEPH J. O'DONOGHUE, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. Joseph J. O'Donoghue, ex-City Chamberlain of New York, died recently in that city. At his bedside were Mrs. O'Donoghue, Joseph J., Jr., and Thos. J., their sons; Teresa B. and Mary M. L., their married daughters; James, John V. and Thomas J., Mr. O'Donoghue's brothers; Col. Hugh O'Donoghue, his nephew; Dr. John A. McCreery, the family physician, and Father N. N. McKinnon, pastor of St. Lawrence's church.

Mr. O'Donoghue was born at No. 40 Peck slip, New York, Jan. 8, 1824. His father, John, a native of Ireland, was a grocer and ship chandler. At the age of ten Joseph became a clerk in his father's store, and at twenty-one was made a partner. After his father's death he went into business at 101 Front street. In 1860 he retired in order to rest his two sons.

Until 1860 Mr. O'Donoghue's home was in Brooklyn, where he was a Democrat. He took an active part in politics. In 18[illegible] he and his father helped to organize the Long Island Ferry Company, which, in 1861, was consolidated with George Law's Brooklyn Ferry Company.

On his removal to New York in 1860, Mr. O'Donoghue joined Tammany Hall. In 1871, he refused its nomination for the office of Supervisor, because he became a member of Tammany Hall. In 1874 he was appointed park commissioner. In 1876 he was a presidential elector. In 1883 he was appointed city chamberlain.

Mr. O'Donoghue had numerous business interests. He was president of the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, a stockholder and director in the People's Line of steamboats, one of the founders and vice-presidents of the new Coffee Exchange, and a trustee of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Foundling Asylum and other institutions.

He was a member of more than sixty clubs, including the Manhattan, Reform, Democratic, Catholic and New York Athletic. He was prominent in Irish national affairs, and helped to form the Hofman House Parliamentary Committee, which raised $200,000 for Parnell.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS

The Cunard Line.

The Campania arrived at Queenstown, July 24, at 5 a. m.

The Umbria arrived at New York, July 24, at 11 a. m.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find if much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread qualities, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

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U. S. bonds (par value)	625,000 00
Other bonds (market value)	1,561,700 00
Bond premiums	11,197 50
Cash resources:	
Due from banks (last statement)	16,072,835 46
Checks for Clearing House	1,449,366 72
Cash on hand	12,127,456 86
Due from U. S. Treasurer	36,250 00
	29,761,309 04
Total	$80,316,895 41

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000 00
Surplus fund	2,000,000 00
Other undivided profits	178,551 78
Deposits	75,141,334 63
Total	$80,316,886 41

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"STAND BY."

The swing of the sea, and the billows' long beat
Fill this tale that floats up from the down east row,
Where a rude hearse was rattled along the old street,
With no mourner in sight, not so much as a dog.
Till a silver gray sailor, blown in from the wave,
Came nigh to the coffin where trembled the dead,
Tacked in close behind and tied up at the grave
Of the stranger, and bowed there with uncovered head.
Took a hitch in his trousers, heaved a deep sigh,
And said, "I thought some one should just stand by."

Where's the moan of the blast, the rain on the beach,
Curlews' cry, and salt spray, in this man's gentle deed
Did the wail of his weanlings, who wait for him, reach
This sun browned old saint such a heavenly creed,
Or did some wild sorrow his own life had felt
Send o'er his sad soul, as the pauper went past,
Till his heart breaking loss made his sympathy melt
For this poor, friendless mortal, forsaken at last?
Did a sob sag his breast, or a tear wet his eye?
I know not, and care not, but mates, he
"stood by."

He "stood by" all alone on that wide village road,
He "stood by" in the bonds of the great brotherhood,
He "stood by" in the grand old Samaritan code
That 'tis fine to be friendly, 'tis good to do good.
Heaven bless him and bear him with favoring gales
To his far away home. Should the wild tempest smite,
When waves take his deck and wind take his sails,
Surely one will walk near, in the watch of the night,
Who will say to our hero, Fear not, it is I.
I know thee of old and have come to "stand by."

—Rev. Robert McIntyre in Chicago Times-Herald.

CECILY. .

"It's the fault of there being such a large family, dear; that is all."

"And a very bad fault too."

"Dick! Don't you like the family?"

"Not as I like you, child, and not enough to like them to monopolize you and take up all your time and thoughts and interests so that I, whom you are going to marry, can hardly get so much as a word or look from you."

"Who is with you now, Dick?"

"Yes, for three minutes at the garden gate, because if I come inside you will be surrounded by the whole lot of them next moment, and for anything we may want to say to one another we might as well be at opposite poles. You mayn't mind it, Cecily—you don't seem to do so, at any rate—but, upon my soul, it's hard lines on a man who loves you."

It is an evening in April. The land is all afush with the pink blossoms of the almond and the white blossoms of the pear.

He is very handsome always, rather angry just now, my lover, but I know that the anger comes from love, and so I think more of the first fact than the second, as I look up smilingly into the brave blue eyes, bright with a passionate gleam, and mark how well the broad, square cut shoulders and shapely head stand out against the golden glory of that evening sky.

"And, pray, sir, do you expect me to be always at your beck and call?" I ask. "I'm sure you get your fair share of attention."

"Do I," he says gravely, "when I wait a whole week for the chance of one walk with you, and when the promised day comes, you coolly send me word that you've got something else to do and are too busy even to see me? I might have claimed your promise to marry me two summers ago and again last autumn, when I was offered the making of that new Canadian line. I refused it only because I knew you wouldn't leave home so soon after your mother's death, and I could not bear to go away without you, but now there is this other job of the same sort in Perthshire, and they say I can have it for the asking. The works are to begin in July, and if we are married in June—dear Cecily, my own darling love, do say that we shall be, do give me what I ask! Think how long I have waited for you already and how badly I want you and come to me! Cecily, dearest, if you love me, say you will. Say it now."

"In June!" I repeat, my eyes wide with dismay and drawing myself still farther back. "Dick, you promised not to be in a hurry."

"I never promised anything of the sort, but if I had done so I should have kept my promise over and over again. Cecily, will you ever find a lover who has waited as long as I have done already? And yet you talk of my waiting on for another year still. If you loved me in the least, you would be as tired of these delays as I am, but you don't, and I see it only too plainly. You don't even know what love is. You"—

"Hullabalo, hullabalo! Cecily, Cis, where are you?" shouts a boy's voice from the laburnum bushes behind.

"Don't be silly, Dick. Let me go. Please let me go," I stammer out hurriedly, but I have no need to repeat the request. At the first sound of my rough tongued little brother's voice Dick has dropped my hands and stepped back.

"Let you go? Oh, certainly," he says, with a strange, bitter accent in his voice, "for good, if you like. I expect it will come to that some day. Good-by!" And off he goes, striding over the dewy grass and under the milk white blossoms of the thorn trees, without another word or look.

It is too bad. Of course the children don't really mean to hurt me, but it is too bad, and the worst of it is that I dare not show my vexation.

Poor Dick's spurt of temper is forgotten, and tea proceeds without further allusion to him. I cannot bear Dick to be angry with me—Dick, who for all his quick, fiery nature is gentle as a woman in general with those he loves, and who has been so tender and true to me all these years that at times his very generosity makes one forget that those who give much have a right to expect much in return.

A long engagement is a very trying thing, not that it diminishes the mutual love of those most concerned, but that it is apt to lessen the outward expression of it and bring about unintentional slights and apparent coolnesses, and it is trying, too, from the fact that the longer it lasts the less consideration or sympathy it seems to elicit from those even most nearly allied to the lovers and who, when the first eclat of the affair is over, are apt to regard its lengthened existence with something of impatience, not to say contempt. Dick and I have been engaged an immense while, four years before mother died, and he was ready and waiting for me when she was first taken ill, nearly a year before that.

I don't see him often. He is a civil engineer and too busy to pay frequent visits to our quiet village, but during this one his patience has been tried more than usual.

Is there ever a gayer, gladder time in all the year or a gayer, gladder morning than this when I rise and look across the frothing snow of pear blossoms and meadows paved with golden buttercups to the red roof of the village inn, half hidden in elm trees, beneath which Dick lodges? Perhaps he may be striding across those meadows now to pay us an early visit and bring me a bunch of violets. He has done so once or twice, but father doesn't like visitors at breakfast, and I'm afraid Dick has found it out. At any rate he does not come today, and so I go down to breakfast, give the orders for dinner and am just going to assist my little sister through her laborious efforts at wading up the scale on the piano when the maid brings me a letter which she says has just come from the inn, and I see it is from Dick.

How thankful I have been since then that I left Maude and went away to read it by myself, for even the first words seem to daze and dazzle me! It begins, "My dear Cecily," and then I sit and read and reread the rest over and over again, how long I never knew, with eyes that see, yet see not, and a heart which beats, yet refuses to comprehend. Dick is gone, and this is what he tells me.

When he went back to the inn, he found a letter awaiting him from the contractors for that Canadian railroad of which he had told me before. It was a liberal offer, and he was still very hot and angry. On the spur of the moment he sat down and accepted it, and then, in the act of sealing the letter, repented him of what he had done. Perhaps he remembered how long we had loved one another and what bitter pain parting would be. At any rate, he put the letter in his pocket and came up to the vicarage to tell me again that if I would marry him in June he would still accept the smaller appointment in lieu of this, or if that were really impossible would arrange to come back from Canada in the autumn, make me his wife and take me back with him.

Well, you guess what he found? A whole family laughing and making game of him, mocking at the pain which had driven him away, the love which had brought him back, my laugh—heaven help me, mine—the loudest in the party, my hand aiding in the jest which was amusing a set of thoughtless boys. "And so," he wrote, "I went away, and I write this now to bid you goodby. My eyes have been opened at last, and I see only too plainly that the years which have only intensified my love for you have withered yours at the root, that my visits have been a weariness, my fidelity a jest. Perhaps some day I may live to be thankful that I have learned this lesson even so late, but I cannot do so yet, nor can I bring myself to the useless pain of meeting you again. I go back to my old lodgings at once and sail for Canada this week. Would to heaven you had told me the truth which sends me from you before, but I do not blame you for not doing so. You were always gentle at heart, and I believe you could not bear to hurt me to my face." And then he bade God bless me and signed himself, "Yours ever faithfully, Richard Meredith."

I cut the meat and serve the pudding that day at dinner, and, though I cannot say one word, there must be something in my face which frightens the boys, for they stare at me with wondering eyes and are strangely good and quiet. I never break down once or rise until the meal is quite ended, and then at last I escape, and as I write to Dick the tears which have been frozen till now break forth like rain and blot the words as fast as they are penned.

For of course I answer him. I have read—in novels—of girls who, when they have hurt or angered their lovers, are too proud to write or say one word for pardon, but I am not like that. I love him too dearly, ill as I may have proved it and stupid and shy as I have been of showing my affection by outward signs. I am too sure of his love for me to let any false shame or misunderstanding rest between us, and so I write and just tell him the whole truth about that luckless scene, tell him how dear he is to me and beg him humbly and with tears to forgive and love me still, not to give up his journey (if he has accepted the post I know that cannot be), but at least to come to me before he goes and say goodby and to take my promise that at whatever time he wants me I will be ready to be his wife, whether he can come back for me or I have to go out to him. Other women have done that much for men who love them, and why not I for Dick, who has waited for me longer than many lovers already and signs himself mine "faithfully" still?

So my letter is finished at last, and I walk across the fields myself (I will not trust it to any other hand) to put it in the post.

And I do wait, wait patiently indeed, but with a daily lessening hope, a daily failing heart, for Dick does not come, nor is there any answer to my poor, tear blotted letter. Suns rise and suns set. Dick has left me. His love, tried perhaps before to stretching, snapped before the forced merriment of that foolish laugh, and because he had not the heart to say so he has held his peace and gone—gone for good.

It is spring again now, the second spring since my lover left me. Twice already have the fields been red with poppies and the deep woods brown with falling leaves. Twice have we dressed the church with ivy and holly and hung big bushes of mistletoe in the vicarage hall.

I have come up to London to buy summer dresses for my sisters and on other domestic business, but these duties have been achieved, and now, before I go home again, I am bound on an errand which, though I would not dare own it to any one (for indeed I know it to be both vain and foolish), has been pressing on my heart ever since I left home with a yearning persistence to which, even though it be unmaidenly, I cannot choose but yield.

It is to visit Dick's lodgings, where he always lived when he was in London, and the address of which I have known by heart this many a year.

I go there and make my little excuse about wanting to see the rooms for a friend—I hope it is not very wrong to say so—and even manage to get out his name as the person who once recommended them to me. That proves an "open 'sesame," however, for Mrs. Brown beams with smiles on the instant and begs me to walk up stairs, "which fortunately the rooms are vacant, and just as they was when Mr. Meredith was there hisself, for times and again he'd said to me, 'Now, Mrs. Brown, don't you go doing nothing to these rooms, for comforbler couldn't be, and if ever I returns to London it's back to them I shall come and nowhere else.' And, by the way, ma'am, if so be you're a friend of that dear gentleman's, perhaps you can give me his address. There's a letter been lying 'ere for him this ever so long. It come about six months after he left, inclosed in a note to 'the owner of the 'ouse,' saying as whoever posted it had dropped it into a gap between the postbox and the inside of the wall, and there it had stuck, no one finding it till a few days before."

I am standing there in Dick's own room, the room where he sat and worked and wrote many and many a letter to me in the happy days of old, the last room perhaps in which he ever ate a meal or rested before he sailed away from me and England together, and yet I cannot look at it. I cannot think of it. A haze has come before my eyes and a numbness over my brain, for there on the table before me lies my letter, the very letter, blotted with tears and soiled and crumpled with age, which I posted with my own hand two years ago and which (ah, I see it all now—how could I think him so hard, so unforgiving, I who ought to have known his nature better?) he never received at all.

I must be very weak or the shock is too great, for as Mrs. Brown leaves the room I sit quietly down and faint away.

It is only for a minute, however. The sunbeams which were shining on a pot of yellow crocuses in the window have not moved a hair's breadth, and faintly on the clear cool air I can still hear the bells from some distant church which were calling the people to a saint's day service when I came in.

There is a step at the door, but though I know it is Mrs. Brown I cannot look up or raise my head from the hard deal table where it is bowed. All my long self restraint, all my painful, pitiful efforts at womanly reticence and bravery, have broken down at last in a burst of childish grief, and the tears so long held back break forth in a blinding rain, and my face is hidden in my hands. So it happens that some one coming in sees me before I see him or can so much as dry my eyes and utters an exclamation of surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he adds very quickly. "I only came in because my old landlady has been telling me something about a letter, and a lady"— And there he breaks off, for I have lifted my head, and as our eyes meet there is a cry.

"Cecily! Cecily! Is it you? Oh, my darling, my love, what good angel brought you here to give me the sight of you," and somehow, somehow, in one moment, all the pain and grief and weariness, all the bitter bravery of days when "the burden laid upon me seemed greater than I could bear" are gone, blotted out like breath from a glass, and there is nothing but joy and peace and rest, rest perfect and serene to mind and heart and body, for I am in my lover's arms, and my tired head is drawn down upon his breast, and I hear his voice—the dear, tender voice of old—murmuring prayers for forgiveness mingled with such words of love and fondness as I never thought would greet my ears again on this side of the grave.

The bells have ceased to chime. The yellow crocuses bend and shiver before the sharp, cold breeze, but we two stand in the April sunshine, and the light, which falls on Dick's bronzed head and kisses the crushed white hyacinths in my breast, is no brighter than that which brightens our two hearts on this the sweetest springtide of our lives.—All the Year Round.

A Misnomer.

"Who is that man who writes communications every day and signs himself 'Constant Reader?'" said one citizen.

"I don't know who he is," replied the other, "but he's a misnomer. He comes a great deal nearer being a constant writer."—Washington Star.

Penny's Worth of Light.

A Londoner is now able to drop a penny in the slot for a six hours' supply of an eight candle power incandescent light, and he can take the whole amount at once or divide it into small daily installments.—Boston Globe.

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"The first thing that an army doctor does when a man is brought up for enlistment is to look at his teeth. If they show any signs of decay, it is evident that the man's constitution is delicate, and his services as a soldier are immediately declined. Men with irregular teeth—teeth uneven and imperfect—are declined by medical men where there are arduous duties to perform. It is said to be a sign of bodily weakness.

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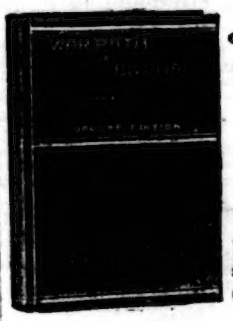

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LORD SALISBURY.

A CONDENSED DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT TORY LEADER.

He Is Not an Orator, Though Brilliant Audiences Gather to Hear Him—A Literary Man by Instinct—His Work on the Once Famous Saturday Review.

The Marquis of Salisbury is a very interesting parliamentary figure, as much from his weaknesses as from his strength. I have heard it said by elderly men in the house of commons that at no time the present leader of the Tory party in the posse was as slender and fragile a looking man as his nephew Mr. Balfour, but it is hardly necessary to realize that fact now. He is extremely heavy, approaching, I should say, 250 pounds, and all his frame is on a large and awkward scale. The head is very large and the brows equally so. He wears a full beard. The eyes are rather small, though bright, and underneath they have the baggy appearance which used to be so remarkable a feature in the face of the late Mr. Blaine. When he stands up to speak, he has a curious facial manner. He never consults a note, he never makes a gesture, he never looks at anybody, either before him or behind him or around him, and his voice scarcely ever has any modification of tone. In short, he seems to be delivering a monologue, with entire unconsciousness of the presence of any of the brilliant audience which so often gathers to hear him. The voice is strong and penetrating, and yet there is a certain mincingness about it, as of an undergraduate that had not got quite over the affectations of his first youth. And his speeches, accordingly, are not very effective when delivered. They are too monotonous, too lifeless, too spectral, in fact, to touch those chords of emotion which are reached by the real orator. On the other hand, the speeches of Lord Salisbury read better than those of any other politician of his time except Mr. John Morley's. The truth is that Lord Salisbury is a literary man by instinct and to a certain extent by training, and he has all the excellences and all the defects of the literary man turned politician.

Marrying all against his father's will, and a younger son, he had but a small income in the early days of his married life. The late Mr. Beresford Hope fortunately conceived at this critical period the idea of starting the once famous Saturday Review. Mr. Beresford Hope was a brother-in-law of Lord Robert Cecil, as the Marquis of Salisbury then was called, and Lord Robert Cecil immediately became one of the foremost contributors of the new journal. He wrote in very goodly company. It is indeed hard to mention any man of eminence of that period who was starting life in London who did not contribute to The Saturday. The late Lord Justice Bowen, one of the greatest of our modern judges, Sir Fitzjames Stephen, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley are among those who at one time or another contributed to the columns of the new journal. In those days it had an enormous reputation, mainly because of the cynical boldness of its comments.

To a certain extent Lord Salisbury has never altogether ceased to be the Saturday Reviewer. His state papers, written often in periods of great excitement and of great peril, have all the lucidity, sharpness and sometimes the acrimony of the articles he used to contribute to the great satirical journal in his early days. His wit continues to be somewhat sardonic, and to be literary rather than political—that is to say, he thinks more of the turn of the phrase than of the living flesh and blood, the mighty network of emotions, passions and susceptibilities, into which the phrase may sometimes drop like molten lead on the living flesh. He, too, has carried to a certain extent into public life the intellectual arrogance of the scholar and the writer.

Since he left the house of commons he has lived a life of almost entire seclusion, except for his daily and brief appearances in the house of lords during the parliamentary session and for his occasional appearances on the platform at great gatherings of his party. His lives in Hatfield House, which is not far from London, and one sees the announcement, even in exciting times, almost every day that he has left town for Hatfield. One of the consequences of this isolation is that he sometimes makes curious blunders in fact and still greater blunders in tactics, and often a speech of his creates dismay in his own party. But he remains a very picturesque and a very worthy figure in our political life. His home is a model of affection and the best traditions of piety and honor. He is sincerely patriotic, and, whatever be the limitations or narrowness of his creed, his is essentially an intellectual and distinguished nature. —"The Celebrities of the House of Commons," by T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in Harper's Magazine.

Keep Moving.

"Philip," said Mr. Grasteur, "the man that gets the farthest in this world is the man that keeps moving. This may seem like a self evident truth, but there are nevertheless many persons who do not seem to realize it. Many a rich prize in life has been lost by sheer laziness.

"Keep moving, Philip. You will be surprised and delighted to find how far a man can get by simply keeping moving."—New York Sun.

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Jones—Who is that girl to whom you were talking?

Smith—She is my sister.

Jones—Why, Smith, how can you say that? You told me only yesterday that you had no sisters.

Smith—That was yesterday, but now it is different. Only last night that girl told me she would be a sister to me.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY
2349 South Park Avenue.
PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.
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ADAM ORTHEIFER, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.
Telephone South 257.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ Brewing Company,
MILWAUKEE.
Represented by
Edward G. Uihlein,
Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago

CONRAD SEIPP Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.
BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED BAVARIAN and SALVATOR BEER
PILSENER BEER

Society Directory

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State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gary av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County President, Lawrence Hendy, Twenty-seventh and Lime Sheets.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 625 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division 1.
President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 4.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Friday of each month in Father Mathew Hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 2.
President, John J. Hanrahan, 3721 Vincennes av.
Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

Division 3.
President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Gillen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 705 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

Division 4.
President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, William Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 3591 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

Division 5.
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Recording Secretary, J. J. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, J. F. Ryan, 702 Dexter av.
Treasurer, Michael Ryan.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 6341 S. Halsted st., at 5 p. m.

Division 7.
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Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 2:30 p. m.

Division 8.
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Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Grass Park, Ill.
Treasurer, P. H. Keogh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

Division 9.
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Recording Secretary, F. M. Nelson, 9239 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 3434 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

Division 10.
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Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, Thomas Mullen.
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Division 11.
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Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Bowe's hall, Erie and Noble sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 12.
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Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 5304 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4230 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays at S. W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

Division 13.
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Vice-President, P. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Parker av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thursdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

Division 14.
President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, John Lahey.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 2402 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

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Vice-President, John Kane.
Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 3248 Sherman st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Cannon, 3301 Twenty-seventh st.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Michael's hall, Fifty-first and Peoria sts.

Division 16.
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Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3819 Aldine place.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1455 W. Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av., 3 p. m.

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Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

Division 18.
President, Martin Loftus, 2340 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, James J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 55 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Barney O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

Division 19.
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Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kinley, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 2831 Lasalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Quealey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

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Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Lilian av. at 8 p. m.

Division 21.
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Vice-President, Barney Leonard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1850 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keane's hall, Clybourn and Ashland ave., at 8 p. m.

Division 22.
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Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGuiley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 3 p. m.

Division 23.
President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGoughran.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4051 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

Division 25.
President, William Mullins, 726 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-President, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Mahlon, 1100 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Sunday at 3 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

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Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 3222 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first av. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, John Bredrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western ave.
Treasurer, Alex Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western ave., at 8 p. m.

Division 28.
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Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 143 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1282 W. Vanburen st., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, Daniel Gallin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1029, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

Division 30.
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Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10809 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10818 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

Division 31.
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Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 235 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley ave.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

Division 33.
President, William Cox, 5030 Drexel av.
Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6315 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

Division 34.
President, Mat. McFadden, 236 S. Sangamon st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Secy., E. J. Rice, 503 Fulton st.
Financial Secy., M. J. Cahen, 801 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p. m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 440 West Twelfth st.

Division 35.
President, John T. Sheehy, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3660 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

Division 36.
President, J. T. Keating, 3610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6047 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 336 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

Division 37.
President, John P. Doherty, 6220 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6628 Morgan st.
Financial Secy., M. H. Hoey, 4546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kalis.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Seetle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

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First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheehan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

Company B.
Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, James Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

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Gay Wall Papers.

The shops of the metropolis show a decided return to gay effects in wall papers and seem to indicate that the reign of negative backgrounds for dados is seriously interfered with if not finished. A yellow figured paper, that is almost an orange tint, hangs next to one of deep red, which, in its turn, gives place to a rich and vivifying green. These are but a few of the used fashionably with white woodwork.

Diamonds in an Extinct Volcano.

An interesting discovery from a geological point of view was recently made by an engineer in the mountains of Witties Hoek, Natal. On the summit of an extinct volcano, on the edge of a lake that occupies the crater, soundings revealed a layer of sand inclosing small diamonds. It would be interesting to know whether these diamonds were there accidentally—that is, as the result of washing operations carried on by the natives—or whether this discovery corresponds to an actual mine of diamonds, for the hills of Witties Hoek are not situated in regions known to be diamond bearing. On the last hypothesis the presence of precious stones in the crater of a volcano would doubtless throw some light on the formation of the gems in nature.—Genie Civil.

Ten Thousand Telegrams at Once.

In 1871, at a celebration held in New York in honor of Professor Morse, the original instrument invented by him was exhibited, connected at that moment with a wire vibrating throughout the United States and was read at the same time in every city from New York to New Orleans and San Francisco.—St. Nicholas.

Melting.

It was evident to the practiced perceptions of the young woman that he was in a melting mood.

As if to verify her acumen, as soon as her father appeared the young man ran.—Indianapolis Journal.

Chess has been known in China and Japan since 2000 B. C. The game of chess, as now played in Europe and America, dates from the sixteenth century.

Keep Moving.

"Philip," said Mr. Grasteur, "the man that gets the farthest in this world is the man that keeps moving. This may seem like a self evident truth, but there are nevertheless many persons who do not seem to realize it. Many a rich prize in life has been lost by sheer laziness.

"Keep moving, Philip. You will be surprised and delighted to find how far a man can get by simply keeping moving."—New York Sun.

Easily Arranged.

Jones—Who is that girl to whom you were talking?

Smith—She is my sister.

Jones—Why, Smith, how can you say that? You told me only yesterday that you had no sisters.

Smith—That was yesterday, but now it is different. Only last night that girl told me she would be a sister to me.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.